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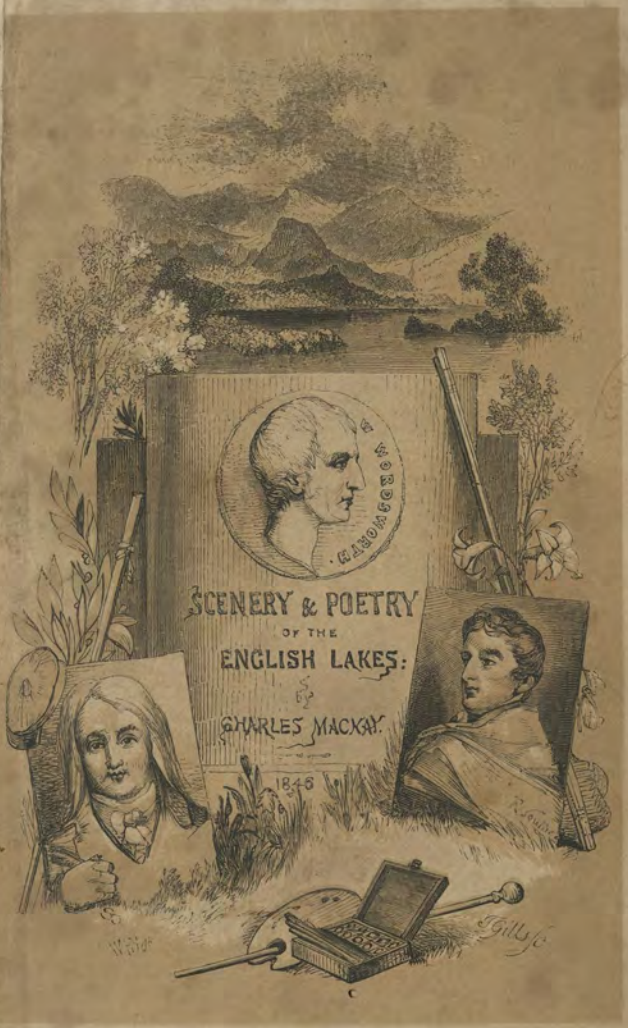

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THE

SCENERY AND POETRY

OF THE

ENGLISH LAKES.

A SUMMER RAMBLE.

E.C045ac 3-9-14

BY

CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

AUTHOR OF

"LEGENDS OF THE ISLES," "THE SALAMANDRINE," ETC., ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL SKETCHES;

DRAWN ON WOOD BY

W. HARVEY, J. GILBERT, D. H. M'KEWAN, D. COX, JUN., W. C
G. FENNEL, W. DICKES, W. P. SMITH, AND E. GILKS

ENGRAVED BY

THOMAS GILKS.

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PREFACE.

THE object of the following work is to narrate the romantic history, and cull the poetry, of a district which is among the most celebrated, and which all travellers allow to be the most beautiful in Great Britain; to describe every scene that has claims upon the admiration or attention of the visitor, either for its own loveliness or for the reminiscences attached to it. The district, it is true, is not particularly rich in historical incidents;—it has been the scene of no great events;—it is a remote corner, lying out of the way of public turmoil, but what it wants in history it more than makes up in poetry; and if its ancient glories are almost a blank, it has modern ones, which make it classic ground. The author has not endeavoured to supersede the ordinary guide-books; he hopes, however, that it will be found an adjunct, not altogether useless, to the one which has been published under the direct superin-

tendence of the great poet, who has resided for the whole of his lengthened life among the scenery of the Lakes, or any other which the Tourist may prefer. As in "The Thames and its Tributaries" the Author has undertaken to dwell upon romantic and remarkable events, "in the very spots where they occurred, to jog his reader's memory, and to act the part of a gossiping, not a prosy fellow-traveller," making it apparent that, wherever he went, "he could not but remember," and that he never passed unheeding over any ground "that had been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue," or had charms for the lover of nature.

The Author cannot conclude, without expressing his obligations to the Artists who have contributed to make this volume so attractive by its pictorial embellishments.

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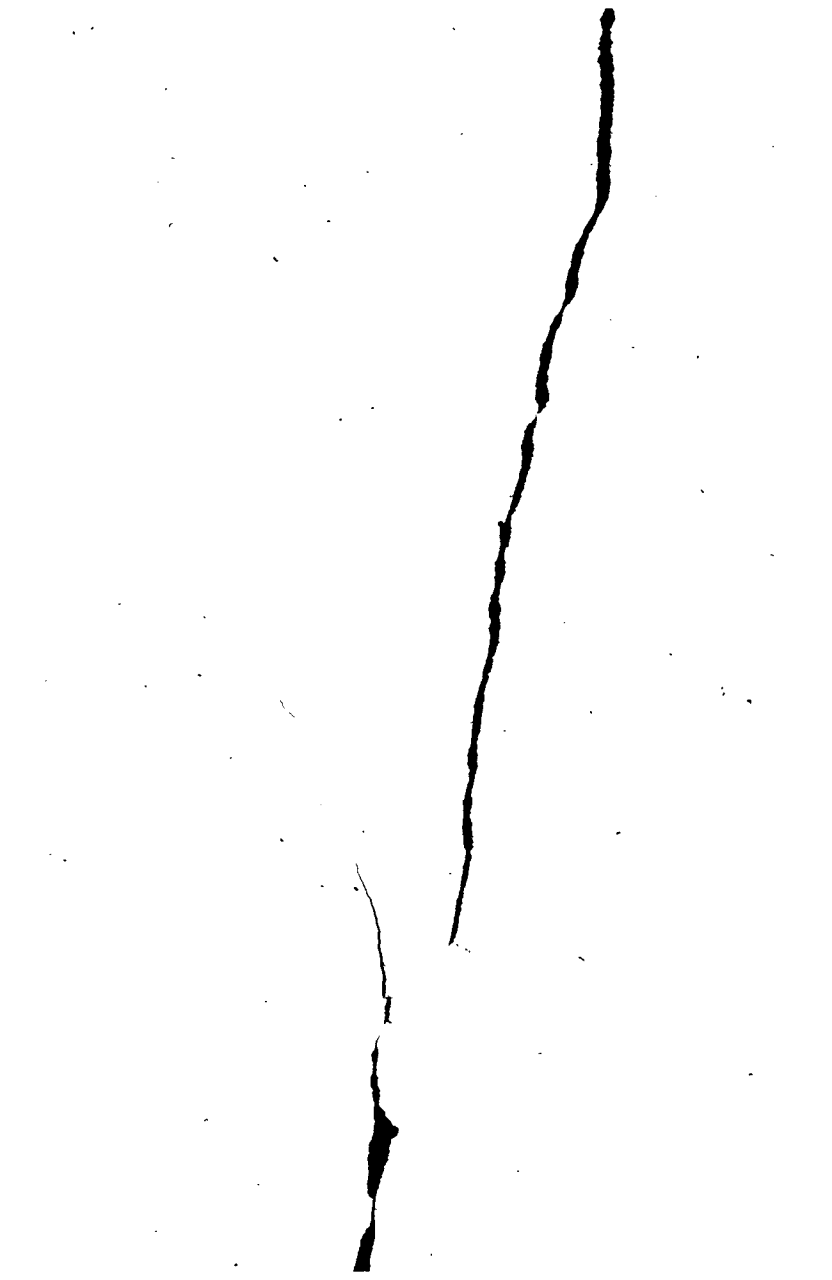

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Bowness, by Esthwaite and Sawrey,	„	Coniston	15
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Clappersgate,	distant from	Ambleside . .	1
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			Miles.
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Colwith Force,	„	„	4½
Dungeon Gill and Langdale Pikes, distant from	Ambleside		8½

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BROTHER WATER, ULLES-WATER, AND HAWES WATER.

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Brother Water,	„	„	7
Patterdale Bridge,	„	„	9½
Stybarrow Crag,	„	„	11¾
Lyulph's Tower,	„	„	13½
Pooley Bridge,	„	„	18¾
Penrith,	„	„	23¼
Eamont Bridge,	„	Penrith	1
Askham,	„	„	5
Bampton,	„	„	12
Shap,	„	Bampton	4
Hawes Water,	„	„	1½
Wallow Crags,	„	„	2½

AMBLESIDE TO ULVERSTONE AND FURNESS ABBEY, THE DUDDON, ETC.

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Gleaston Castle,	„	„	6½
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Dalton,	„	Furness Abbey	1½
Broughton,	„	Dalton	10
Scathwaite,	„	Broughton	6
Coniston,	„	Scathwaite	5
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			Miles.
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Egremont,	„	„	6
St. Bees,	„	Egremont	4
Whitehaven,	„	St. Bees	5
Ennerdale Water,	distant from	Whitehaven	7
Lamplugh,	„	Ennerdale Bridge	3½
Lowes Water,	„	Lamplugh	2
Crummock Water,	„	„	4
Buttermere,	„	Loweswaite	3
Newlands,	„	Buttermere	4
Keswick,	„	Newlands	6

KESWICK TO COCKERMOUTH, BASSENTHWAITE, OVER WATER, AND CARLISLE.

			Miles.
Vale of Lorton, distant from	Keswick		8
Cockermouth,	„	„	12
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Ireby,	„	„	10
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CHAPTER I.

Beauties of the Lake Districts.—Lancaster the starting point.—To Ambleside and Milnethorpe, Levens, Sizergh, and Kendal. The Town and Castle of Kendal.—The legend of Bishop Blaize.—Windermere.—Anti-Steam Poetry.—Elleray.—Dove's Nest.—An illustrious assemblage.

THE Lake District! the very name is suggestive of poetry and romance; and calls up visions of natural beauty and recollections of the gifted men whose genius has left a lasting impress upon the literature of England. Every year the Lakes are visited by greater numbers of tourists; and it is to be expected, *malgré* Mr. Wordsworth, and his sonnets against steam, that as the Railway system is more and more developed, their

numbers will still further increase. Many who have seen foreign regions without having visited their own country, will talk hereafter with as much enthusiasm of Westmorland and Lancashire as they now do of the Rhine and Switzerland, and will not think the less of their charms, because by the aids of science they have been brought within a few hours' journey of the metropolis, and of the remotest corners of the land. To such travellers the following pages will, it is hoped, be of some interest. It is not meant that they should supersede the more precise and methodical information of the guide-books. They are offered to the scholar—to the lover of poetry—and to the admirer of nature, as aids to memory, and a veritable record of the writer's impressions, during a visit made for the express purpose of exploring every scene that was hallowed by poetry, or consecrated by history, or that had any claims upon the minds of those who take delight in the beauties or sublimities of natural scenery. Lancaster is the point from which the great majority of tourists diverge; and at this point one fine morning in June 1845, I found myself, undetermined by which route I should proceed to the Lake, but fully resolved to enjoy at least one day's stroll over this ancient town.

LANCASTER.

LANCASTER is finely situated on a hill, overlooking the valley of the Lune, but offers no signs of its antiquity to delay the steps of the traveller. Its castle, built by Roger de Poitou in the eleventh century, and repaired by John of Gaunt in the fourteenth, has disappeared, and a range of uniform new buildings, still called the Castle, and occupied as Courts of Law, stands upon its site. From the terrace walk around, there is a fine view of the valley of the Lune, the Bay of Morecambe, Lancaster Sands, and, in the distance, the hills of Westmorland, whose bold outlines against the sky of a clear evening inspire the mind of the tourist, whose object it is to explore them, with pleasing ideas of the magnificence

and beauty that are to be exhibited to his gaze as soon as he has crossed the flat country that intervenes. The name of the town of Lancaster naturally suggests that of the great man in early English history, who took his title from it—John of Gaunt: and also recalls the remembrance of the wars of the rival factions of the White and Red Roses which caused the shedding of so much innocent English blood. There are, however, no incidents connected with the town to keep up the enthusiasm of the visitor. There is no story of John of Gaunt, or of his illustrious friend Chaucer, in connection with it; and the wars of the Roses would not have been celebrated in so much poetry and romance, if there were no reminiscences attached to them, but such as the town of Lancaster can supply. The place however, as a modern town, is not without attraction; and the view from the bridge on the road to Kendal —with the modern castle and the fine church, both rising upon the hill that overlooks the town and district, is comfortably and thoroughly English in its character. It accords well with the idea of a place of historical importance, that has been renovated by Time, and which is worthy of admiration, both for its past renown and its present beauty.

At this place the visitor to the Lakes must decide whether he will proceed over the Sands to Ulverston and Furness, or go straight on to Kendal

and Ambleside. I chose the latter, and having taken my seat on the outside of the coach, was whirled, at the slow pace (in a railroad age) of six or seven miles an hour, through the agreeable villages of Slyne, and Carnforth; and by Wharton Crags to

WHARTON CRAGS.

Milnethorpe, and Levens. At the latter place there is a collection of monstrosities called trees by some people. They are to be seen in the grounds of Levens Hall, the seat of the Honorable Mr. Howard, and are, according to the most approved of all guide-books (Mr. Wordsworth's), 'the admiration of every visitor.' For my part, I must own that I could see nothing to admire, but very much to condemn in them.

Trees that are tortured and twisted into the form of rhomboids, and parallelograms, however beautiful

LEVENS HALL.

to the taste of the Dutch gardener of William the Third, who, according to tradition, first tried his mathematical horticulture upon this spot, appear to me infinitely less to be admired than the same trees in their natural forms. Trees, in the words of Moore, applied to the ladies, should

> "Leave their beauties free
> To sink or swell as Nature pleases;"

and happily for the taste of the present day, there exist throughout England, very few specimens of such perversions of taste as are exhibited here to the eye of the traveller.

About a mile beyond this, the road leads past a venerable mansion called Sizergh Hall, the seat of the Strickland family. It is pleasantly and picturesquely surrounded with wood; but offers nothing calling for remark.

KENDAL.

The town of Kendal situated on the river Kent, and in the dale of Kent, whence its name of Kent-dale or Kendal, is a place of some importance; and has a very neat, quiet, unassuming, and Quaker-like appearance. Though not the county town, it is the largest town in Westmorland. It was formerly famous for its woollen manufactures, though its renown in this respect has declined of late years in consequence of the keen competition of the Yorkshire and Lancashire manufacturers.

In a curious old volume, entitled "Admirable Curiosities, Rarities, and Wonders in Great Britain and Ireland," by Robert Burton, of which the tenth

edition was published in 1737, it is stated among the wonders, that in the river *Can* (meaning Kent), near Kendal, were two waterfalls, "where the waters descend with great noise, from whence the people prognosticate of the weather, for when that on the south sounds, they look for fair weather; but when that on the north, they expect rain," a phenomenon no doubt atmospheric, though the wisdom of that age could not account for it, except as a "marvel."

An Inn, adjoining that at which the mail stops to change horses, is known by the sign of the "Bishop Blaze," or Blaise,—no relation to "Blazes," whose name is so frequently associated with Cockney maledictions; but the patron Saint of the woolcombers in England, and the supposed inventor of their art. In Hone's Year Book, there is an account of two festivals that were formerly held in his honour at Potton, in Bedfordshire, also famous for its wool trade in times gone by. It appears that similar festivals were common to most manufacturing towns, till the early part of last century, and to Kendal among the rest. In the Day Book, under the date of February 3rd, a still more particular account of the Saint is given, together with a detail of the ceremonies observed on the Septennial commemoration of his name, at Bradf[illegible], in Yorkshire, so lately as 1825. Besides being the true patron of wool-combing, the Saint, who died in the fourth century, was

famous for curing sore throats. He lived in a cave, and was "very often visited," says the Golden legend, "by wild beasts, whenever a bone stuck in their throats! If it happened that they came while he was at prayer, they did not interrupt him, but, waited until he had ended, and never departed without his benediction!" A most exemplary man was the Bishop—so exemplary and so holy that Father Ribadaneira relates of him that when he was scourged by his persecutors, "seven holy women anointed themselves with his blood." This having drawn upon them both attention and vengeance, their flesh, out of cruel compliment to the wool-comber, it is to be supposed, "was combed with iron combs," — but strange to say "their wounds ran milk — their flesh became whiter than snow, and Angels came visibly and healed their wounds as fast as they were made." They were then, as a last resource, put into the fire. It would not however consume them; — and this trying the patience of their persecutors to the utmost extreme, they were ordered to be beheaded; — and beheaded they were accordingly. St. Blaze was ordered to be drowned in the lake; but he very coolly walked on the water — sat down on it, and invited his tormentors to meet him in the middle. Seventy of them tried to do it, and were drowned; and the Saint having seen them sink, no doubt with great satisfaction, walked to the land very com-

posedly and devoutly, and was then and there beheaded without more ado.

The castle of Kendal, of which four crumbling towers and a portion of the outer wall remain, was the seat of the ancient barons of this name; and a place of importance during the wars of the Roses. It was also the birth-place of Queen Catherine Parr,—astutest and most fortunate of all the wives of that eastern Sultan who reigned in England under the title of Henry the Eighth. It is supposed to have been built in the twelfth or thirteenth century, and to have been dismantled on the attainder of the Marquis of Northampton, the brother of Queen Catherine Parr, after his unsuccessful rising in favour of Lady Jane Grey. The view from its terrace is said to be very fine, but I had not time to pay it a visit. On the other side of the town is an eminence called Castle New-hill, on which there is an obelisk. It was erected in 1788, to commemorate the expulsion of James the Second, exactly one hundred years previously. Not being aware of its object at the time I passed, I made inquiry of our coachman. He had long travelled the road, it appears, but knew nothing of the obelisk, except that he had once heard somebody say it was intended to commemorate the French Revolution; and another, that it was in remembrance of the battle of Waterloo! So accurate is the local information which travellers are at times fortunate enough to procure.

Passing through the villages of Staveley and Ings, we soon come in sight of Windermere, the Queen of the Lakes, and the largest and most beautiful sheet of fresh water in England. Having heard much of its mingled grandeur and loveliness, my imagination was perhaps too much excited; for although the weather was bright and serene—though the mountains that overlooked it stood clearly defined—though the clear waters sparkled in the sun-beams at every opening of the trees, when a view of its lucent expanse could be obtained—and though now, when I picture it to my remembrance, I think it most lovely and worthy of all its renown, I felt disappointed on a first view of it. I was however fresh from the Lochs of Scotland. I had lingered enraptured not only amid the magnificent scenery of the upper portion of Loch Lomond, but I had visited Loch Long, the Garcloch, Loch Fine, the Holy Loch, and the Linnhe Loch, within a few weeks, and their superior splendour so haunted my imagination, that Windermere, beautiful and bright as it was, seemed far inferior. It improved however upon acquaintance; and although no portion of it can stand a comparison with the charms of the Scottish Lochs above-mentioned, and fifty others that I could mention, I must own that there has been no exaggeration in the praises it has obtained. On arriving at Orrest Head, the scene is beautiful beyond expression, and the admiration even of the dullest of

travellers. Mr. Wordsworth, to whom the whole country is familiar, who knows every mountain-path, and every turn, and every spot where a soft and smiling, or a grand and frowning landscape may be seen to most advantage, speaks of the beauties of Orrest in his Journal on the "Projected Kendal and Windermere Railway," one of the latest of his productions. It is here quoted, not for any admiration of the sentiments it expresses, but for the testimony it gives to the beauties of this lovely spot.

ON THE PROJECTED KENDAL AND WINDERMERE RAILWAY.

Is there no nook of English ground secure
From rash assault? Schemes of retirement sown
In youth, and 'mid the busy world kept pure
As when their earliest flowers of hope were blown,
Must perish. How can they this blight endure?
And must he, too, his old delights disown,
Who scorns a false utilitarian lure,
'Mid his paternal fields at random thrown?
Baffle the threat, bright scene, from Orrest head,
Given to the pausing traveller's rapturous glance!
Plead for thy peace thou beautiful romance
Of Nature! And if human hearts be dead—
Speak, passing winds:—ye torrents with pure, strong,
And constant voice, protest against the wrong.

Rydal Mount, October 1[illegible] 1844.

Mr. Wordsworth pleads, in a note, that this may not be considered a mere poetical effusion, but as his calm and settled opinion upon the proposed Railway, and the introduction of steam into such a remote locality. This is not the place to enter into a discussion upon the subject of the utility and the blessing of railways, and their inevitable increase, not only on the highways, but in the byways of the land;—but if it were, it would be easy to show that Mr. Wordsworth has taken a very narrow, exclusive, and aristocratic view of the great civilizer of modern times. He has placed himself on the same pinnacle of ridiculous distinction as his holiness the Pope, by enrolling himself among the few backward and lagging spirits, who hate railways, and have no faith in human progress. The less that is said upon this subject the better for his fame. Having a tenderness for it, as who but must? I refrain, and only wish he had been of those whose sympathies are in the future, and not wholly in the past.

Punch, a few weeks after the appearance of Mr. Wordsworth's sonnet, also gave to the world his views of the introduction of steam into this locality: and as the voice of so potent a public instructor is always worth listening to, his idea on the matter is also inserted here, that the reader may have the advantage of comparing the one with the other:—

"BY THE LAUREATE."

"What incubus, my goodness! have we here,
Cumbering the bosom of our lovely lake?
A steamboat, as I live!—without mistake!—
Puffing and splashing over Windermere!
What inharmonious shouts assail mine ear?
Shocking poor Echo, that perforce replies—
"Ease her!" and "Stop her!"—frightful and horrid cries,
Mingling with frequent pop of ginger beer.
Hence, ye profane!—To Greenwich, or Blackwall,
From London Bridge—go! steam it if ye will,
Ye Cockneys! and of Whitebait eat your fill;
But this is not the place for you at all!
I almost think that, if I had my will,
I'd sink your vessel with a cannon ball!"

The poetical history of the Kendal and Windermere Railway will not be complete without the following sonnet, also suggested by Mr. Wordsworth's, which appeared shortly afterwards from the elegant pen of Mr. Monckton Milnes.

The hour may come, nay must in these our days,
When the harsh steam-car with the cataract's shout,
Shall mingle its swift roll, and motley rout
Of multitudes these mountain echoes raise.
And *thou* the patriarch of these pleasant ways,
Canst hardly grudge that crowded streets send out,
In Sabbath glee, the sons of care and doubt,
To read these scenes by light of thine own lays.
Disordered laughter and encounter rude,
The Poet's finer sense perchance may pain;
Yet many a glade and nook of solitude,
For quiet walk and thought will still remain,
Where he the poor intruders may elude,
Nor lose one golden dream for all their homely gain.

TROUTBECK

Beyond Orrest Head are Elleray, Troutbeck, Calgarth, Lowood, and Dove's Nest. As our vehicle whirled along towards Elleray, some new glimpse of beauty—of mountain and meadow, and lake and forest — was ever and anon obtained; and having courted and received its tribute of admiration, was succeeded by another as lovely as itself, each of them calling up the remembrance of some name renowned in the literature of the present century, or some reminiscence of poets and poetry. Elleray, as already mentioned, is the seat of Professor Wilson, and no one in the least acquainted with the literary events and opinions of the last thirty years, can pass

this place without recalling his name, and acknowledging the influence of his genius upon the original and critical literature of his time, and remembering his own connection with what is termed the Lake School of Poetry. Most people, also, will remember the visit paid to this place, in 1825, by Sir Walter Scott, on his return from Ireland, and the gay doings both here and at the hospitable house of Mr. Bolton, at Storr's Hall, two miles further down the lake, as

STORR'S HALL.

recorded by Mr. Lockhart, in his Life of Scott. At this meeting not only Sir Walter Scott and Professor Wilson, but George Canning and William Wordsworth were present. "There was," says Mr. Lockhart, "high discourse intermingled with as gay feastings of courtly wit as ever Canning displayed, and a plentiful allowance on all sides of those airy transient

pleasantries, in which the fancy of poets, however wise and grave, delights to run riot, when they are sure not to be misunderstood. The weather was as Elysian as the scenery. There were brilliant cavalcades through the woods in the mornings, and delicious boatings on the Lake by moonlight; and the last day the Admiral of the lake presided over one of the most splendid regattas that ever enlivened Windermere. Perhaps there were not fewer than fifty barges following in the Professor's radiant procession when it paused at the point of Storr's to admit Mr. Bolton and his guests. The bards of the Lakes (Wordsworth and Wilson) led the cheers that hailed Scott and Canning, and music and sunshine, flags, streamers, and gay dresses, the merry hum of voices, and the rapid splashing of innumerable oars, made up a dazzling mixture of sensations as the flotilla wound its way among the richly foliaged islands, and along bays and promontories peopled into enthusiastic spectators." How soon, alas! was the scene to darken for the two most celebrated actors in this splendid scene! Canning, even at that time, as Scott afterwards remarked, looking old, and haggard, and careworn, and so soon to die; and Scott himself was at the culminating point of his worldly prosperity;—already upon the descent; the cloud gathering upon his glory, and the darkness coming, in which he could not work.

The quaintly named residence of Dove's Nest beyond Troutbeck and Calgarth on the road to Ambleside, was also suggestive of the name of a true poet, the late lamented Mrs. Hemans, who lived here for some time in almost entire seclusion from the world.

The arrival of the coach at the beautiful little town of Ambleside put a stop to reflections. It was necessary to alight here, for it was part of the plan of my little tour that I should make Ambleside my dwelling-place for a few days, that I might explore the country all around it at my leisure. It was one o'clock in the afternoon when the coach stopped; and as the weather was beautifully clear, I very soon made the determination to visit Rydal water and Grasmere before dinner, and leave my card at Rydal Mount. The town itself, Stock Gill Force, and the Lake of Windermere, I reserved for the following day.

ENTRANCE TO AMBLESIDE.

ENTRANCE TO RYDAL.

CHAPTER II.

Rydal Mount.—Rydal Water.—Grasmere.—The Lake School of Poetry.—Helm Crag and its "Ancient Woman."—The naming of Places.—Poetical Associations of the Vale of Grasmere.—The Wishing Gate.—The Ceremony of Rush Bearing.—Stock-Gill Force.—The Beauties of a Mountain Torrent.

RYDAL MOUNT is not much more than a mile — or perhaps a mile and-a-half from Ambleside. Passing the bridge over the Rothay, a small clear stream, and with the Brathay, the principal feeder of Windermere from this end; the road winds under high trees, and by the side of some elegant modern villas, built chiefly of slate, to the village of Rydal and Rydal Hall, the seat of Lady Le Flemin[g]. Here a road branches off to the right up the hill side by the Church—and this is the road to Rydal Mount—which long has been, and ever must be a classic spot —unless the day should come, when English literature shall be forgotten.

I had a letter of introduction to the author of the Excursion given to me by another poet, to be here-

RYDAL CHURCH.

after better known—J. A. Heraud—the author of "The Judgment of the Flood," which I left with my card at Rydal; —and taking but a hasty glance at the modest but beautiful dwelling where the Bard has resided so long, I walked on towards Rydal Water and Grasmere; feeling certain that on the morrow I should receive a summons to the Mount and be able to enjoy its charms at my leisure.

On the left of the road was Loughrigg Fell—and on the right Nab Scar:—mountains of considerable magnitude if judged by comparison with the objects around. Both are green to the very top, offering in this a remarkable contrast to the brown heath and grey stones of the more magnificent mountains which I had so lately visited.

RYDAL WATER.

Rydal Water is one of the smallest of the Lakes, but by no means the least beautiful. From the road the views that are obtained of it are pleasing, but not to be compared to the prospect from a summer-house in Mr. Wordsworth's garden, which I afterwards heard of and visited, and to the glimpses which are to be obtained from some of the mountain paths, unknown to the majority of travellers. Mr. Wordsworth states that a foot-road passing behind Rydal Mount and under Nab Scar to Grasmere as very favourable to views of the lake and the vale, looking back towards Ambleside. He also says that the horse-road along the western side of the lake, under Loughrigg Fell, exhibits beauties in this small mere

of which the traveller who keeps the high road is not at all aware. Upon this occasion, not having the advantage of a hint from any person as to the proper route to be pursued, I kept the highway; and certainly had no reason to regret doing so, for a lovelier or more agreeable walk I never took. A little island in the lake covered with trees, seemed the very abode of Mab or Titania;—the waters were placid as a sleeping child; and the green fringe of woodland upon its shores and the high bank of mountains in which it was enclosed on either side seemed steeped in the luxury and glory of sunshine, and happy in the peacefulness of that lovely summer's day. The whole country seemed worthy of being chosen as the abiding place of poets, and I meditated as I walked upon the strange concatenation of circumstances that had been the means of fixing the name of the 'Lake poets,' upon the writers who either dwell now or formerly resided in the immediate neighbourhood. These writers, so distinct in their characteristics—so totally opposite in many respects in their poetical genius, were all classed together by unthinking critics; and formed into a school by others, when they had not the remotest intention of forming a school for themselves. First there was Wordsworth, meditative, passionless, equable, and sometimes elegant:—but very often tame;—then Coleridge exquisitely elegant—deeply meditative, and full of passion and power and music; singing

a song of loftier impulses—but singing too little, and making every one who has hung upon his inspired accents regret that he had not wholly devoted the powers of his mind to that poetry in which he took so great a delight himself, and in which the world would have taken still greater. Then, again, there was Southey, different from both—with a wealth of imagination to which Wordsworth has little claim, with an oriental splendour and fulness, and a command of language and rhythm rarely equalled; but failing in that tenderness and power to touch the heart which so charm us in Coleridge. Lastly, there was Wilson differing from them all; and a greater poet in his prose than in his rhyme—but forming the link by which the names of the other three were attached to the public remembrance, more powerfully than by any other, out of themselves. It is certainly strange enough that these writers should be held even now to have formed a school of poetry. Coleridge, who confesses that he was rightly charged by the critics with a profusion of double epithets and a general turgidness of style, wonders that for at least seventeen years the same critics obstinately placed him among the Lake poets, and charged him like them, or rather like Wordsworth, with faults of the very opposite character, viz. bald and prosaic language and an affected simplicity both of manner and matter:—faults, which, as he says, assuredly did not enter into the character of his

literary compositions. Southey was equally at a loss to account for his classification in this school. He was in Portugal, having just published Thalaba, when, as he informs us in the preface to the fourth volume of his collected works published in 1837, "his name was first coupled with Mr. Wordsworth's. "We were then," he adds, "and for some time afterwards all but strangers to each other, and certainly there were no two poets in whose productions, the difference not being that between good and bad, less resemblance could be found. But I happened to be residing at Keswick, when Mr. Wordsworth and I began to be acquainted; Mr. Coleridge also had resided there; and this was reason enough for classing us together as a school of poets. Accordingly for more than twenty years from that time every tyro in criticism who could smatter and sneer, tried his 'prentice hand' upon the Lake poets, and every young sportsman who carried a pop-gun in the field of satire considered them fair game." Yet, when we come to reflect upon the subject, we find, notwithstanding this protest on the part of two of the illustrious trio, that there are points of similitude between their works and that although they differ in their most obvious characteristics, they bear a strong resemblance in one—and that a most essential one. Each of the three was of the romantic—or more properly speaking—of the natural school, as opposed to the classic; and in this

particular, each rendered no small service to literature and poetry. The world had had too much of super-refinement ;—too much of mannerism ;—too much of mere copying of antique models—when, all at once, these writers appeared, and following up what Cowper had begun—performed for English poetry what Burns had done for that of Scotland. They went back to nature, and took her for a model instead of convention. They restored the ancient simplicity. Wordsworth, more especially, excited for poetry, what has lately been excited for religion in another part of the country,—a *revival ;*—the effects of which are still to be traced, and will doubtless be traced for a long time yet to come in the literature of the country.

In the midst of thoughts something like these, I arrived at Grasmere, with its green and solitary but beautiful island in the middle ; and began to conjure up recollections of a certain Wishing-gate, which poets had sung of. Lovely is the vale of Grasmere: worthy is it of all its renown—and holy will it ever be in the lays of the bards who have delighted to sing of it, and in the recollections of those who love the bards. The lake is of an oval shape, about a mile in length, and something less than half a mile in breadth. It is completely surrounded by mountains, the chief of which are Silver How, Butterlip How, Seat Sandal, and Helm Crag, the latter famous for the rugged stones on its top, which bear a fantastic

GRASMERE LAKE.

resemblance to an "aged woman," or as some say, to a "lion couchant," and as others say, to a "lion and a lamb." At the further extremity is seen the road to Keswick, stretching high above the bare hills, and called the Raise Gap. Most of these hills are mentioned in Mr. Wordsworth's exquisite verses on the "Naming of Places," in the poem entitled "Joanna."

"When I had gazed, perhaps two minutes space,
Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld
That ravishment of mine, and laughed aloud.
The Rock, like something startling from a sleep,
Took up the lady's voice, and laughed again.
That ancient woman seated on Helm Crag
Was ready with her cavern: Hammar Scar,
And the tall steep of Silver How sent forth
A noise of laughter; Southern Loughrigg heard,
And Fairfield answered with a mountain tone."

A portentous laugh for a lady, but nevertheless very beautiful to read of. The descent from Langdale into the vale of Grasmere has been described very accurately by Mr. Wordsworth in another poem; and Professor Wilson in his City of the Plague has also described the Church of Grasmere and the surrounding scenery. The Laureate says, with all the graces of poetry, and with much truth of description;—

"So we descend, and winding round a rock
Attained a point that showed the valley, stretched
In length before us, and not distant far,
Upon a rising ground a grey church tower,
Whose battlements were screened by tufted trees,
And towards a crystal mere, that lay beyond
Among steep hills and woods embosomed, flowed
A copious stream with boldly winding course,
Here traceable, there hidden;—there again
To sight restored, and glittering in the sun.
On the stream's bank and every where appeared
Fair dwellings, single or in social knots,
Some scattered o'er the level, others perched
On the hill side; a cheerful quiet scene,
Now in its morning purity arrayed."

Professor Wilson's daguerrotype is slightly different;—

"There is a little church-yard on the side
Of a low hill that hangs o'er Grasmere Lake.
Most beautiful it is—a vernal spot
Enclosed with wooded rocks, where few graves
Lie sheltered, sleeping in eternal ca[lm];—
Go thither when you will, and that sweet spot
Is bright with sunshine."

The latter part of this description must of course, in such a climate as that of England, be taken as a mere poetical heightening of the effect which the writer intended to produce, but not strictly true. On my visit, however, it tallied remarkably well, for the sunlight streamed over the simple and beautiful church tower, and lighted up the whole surface of the lake in a blaze of glory. Another poet of an earlier date, when Grasmere was not visited by the tourist as now, speaks with equal raptures of its charms; — Gray says of it, "that not a single red tile, no flaring gentleman's-house or garden-wall breaks in upon the repose of this little unexpected paradise; but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty in its neatest and most becoming attire." The "happy poverty," it is to be feared, was as problematical then as it is now; but in other respects his description appears to have been of such a place as his brother bard Wordsworth would wish to have preserved in its pristine state until now. "It was well for the undisturbed pleasure of Gray," says the latter, "that he had no forebodings of the change which was soon to take place, and it might have been hoped that these words, indicating how much the charm of what *was* depended on what *was not*, would of themselves have preserved franchises of this and other kindred mountain retirements from trespass or (shall I dare to say?) would have secured scenes so consecrated from profanation."

For my part I could see no profanation. The vale of Grasmere, if fuller of life than it was in Gray's time, was not, to my mind, the less full of beauty; and even the homœopathic establishment,* which has lately been opened in a large and comfortable-looking mansion, upon the shore of the lake, did not, in my idea, detract from its charms, but rather added to

* In reference to this water-cure establishment and other matters, the following querulous note by Mr. De Quincy, appears in an article upon Shelley's poetry and life, in Tait's Magazine, for January, 1846.—"If no water has been filched away from Grasmere, there is one water too much which has crept lately into that loveliest of mountain chambers; and *that* is the "water-cure," which has built unto itself a sort of residence in that vale; whether a rustic nest, or a lordly palace, I do not know. Meantime, in honesty it must be owned, that many years ago the vale was half-ruined by an insane substruction carried along the eastern margin of the lake as a basis for a mail-coach road. This infernal mass of solid masonry swept away the loveliest of sylvan recesses, and the most absolutely charmed against intrusive foot or angry echoes. It did worse: it swept away the stateliest of Flora's daughters, and swept away at the same time, the birth-place of a well known verse, describing that stately plant, which is perhaps (as a separate line) the most exquisite that the poetry of earth can show. The plant was the *Osmunda regalis*:—

'Plant lovelier in its own rece[illegible]s
Than Grecian Naiad seen at earliest dawn
Tending her fount, *or lady of the la[illegible]e*
Sole-sitting by the shores of old rom[illegible]'

It is this last line and a half which some [illegible] held to ascend in beauty as much beyond any single line [illegible]own to literature, as

them; and I fancied many a melancholy invalid wandering by the side of its placid waters, or toiling up the green mountains that swathe its loveliness about, gathering recovery in the breezes that blew into it, and learning to love nature and mankind the more, as his health and strength increased.

I inquired of a decent-looking person whom I met, and whom from his appearance I suspected to be an inhabitant of the village, where the Wishing Gate was? He answered me very civilly that he did not know; and on further inquiry whether he were an inhabitant of the place, he answered that he was. Whether this were a sign of the uninquisitive nature of this particular denizen of the vale, or of the gradual oblivion into which the old superstitions of rural districts are falling, I cannot say, but I felt more disappointed and chagrined at this little circumstance than I like to confess. I afterwards found, by referring to Mr. Wordsworth's guide book, which I

the Osmunda ascends in luxury of splendour above other ferns. I have restored the original word *lake*, which the poet himself under an erroneous impression had dismissed for *mere*. But the line rests no longer on an earthly reality—the recess, which suggested it, is gone; the Osmunda has fled; and a vile causeway, such as Sin and Death build in Milton over Chaos, fastening it with "asphaltic lime" and "pins of adamant," having long displaced the loveliest [illegible]pel (as I may call it,) in the whole cathedral of Grasmere, I [illegible]e since considered Grasmere itself a ruin of its former self."

bought at Ambleside on my return, that the Wishing Gate is at a place about a mile from the village of Grasmere, in the middle of three roads leading to Ambleside; and before I left Ambleside I did not fail to pay it a visit.

The church of Grasmere is dedicated to St. Oswald, and has been very celebrated, not only for the beauty of its position, and its neighbourhood, but for the annual celebration of the ceremony of rush-bearing. This ceremony has long been known in Lancashire, Yorkshire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, and even farther north. St. Oswald's day is on the Sunday nearest to the first of August, and upon this day the rush-bearing, as I am informed, annually takes place in Grasmere, and I believe in Ambleside and other places. Anciently, when the floors of the churches in England were neither paved nor boarded, rushes were indispensable articles of comfort to church-going people; but with the progress of elegance in architecture, it became rare to find unpaved churches, and the ceremony of strewing the rushes fell consequently into disuse. A correspondent of Mr. Hone, in the Year Book, under date of the 27th of April, 1831, states that the sweet-scented flag, or *acorus calamus*, was commonly made use of on these occasions, having been selected originally in consequence of their roots giving out, when bruised by the tread of feet, a very powerful and fragrant odour, resembling that of the

myrtle. This plant, however, from its great demand in breweries, under the name of *quassia*, has not been obtainable for many years, and the yellow water iris has been substituted in its place. The rush-bearing at Grasmere generally takes place in the evening, when the children of the village, chiefly girls, parade through the street to the church, preceded by a band of music, bearing garlands of wild flowers, as well as bundles of rushes; the latter of which they deposit on the altar, or strew about the floor of the church. Full accounts of the ceremony, as observed in various parts of the North of England, will be found in Hone's interesting volumes, and in Brande's popular antiquities of England.

On my return to Ambleside, I found sooner than I had calculated upon, the expected note of Mr. Wordsworth awaiting me. It was too late to pay my respects at Rydal mount that evening; and I devoted the hour and a half or two hours of daylight that remained after dinner to the exploration of Stock-Gill Force: the waterfall, some short distance at the back of the Salutation Tavern, where I had taken up my quarters. Turning round to the left by the stables, a board on which were painted in large letters the words "To the Waterfall," sufficiently indicated not only the way, but the fact, that the place was a "lion" to visitors. I happen to have a

passion for one kind of hunting—that of "hunting the waterfalls." I love not only the exercise, but, in spite of Mr. Wakley's irreverent laughter, the expression, which I consider both beautiful and appropriate; and though I hunted this alone, [rather a drawback, I must confess, to the real pleasure which the sport is calculated to afford,] I experienced nothing to render me less fond of the amusement, but rather to increase my passion for it. At the distance

MILL AT AMBLESIDE.

of a quarter of a mile or less, I came upon a water-mill, so singularly picturesque and beautiful, with its large wheel, its dripping waters, its placid little dam,

its tall trees, with their luxuriant foliage, its antique, but solid and comfortable appearance, its irregular architecture, varied and yet harmonious, and its huge piles of wood in the yard, gathered and chopped for winter use, in stores suggestive of blazing fires around large hearths, and of a comfortable and substantial miller, and a merry household within, that I stood fully ten minutes to admire it, and then sat down under a tree, by the side of the brook, for fully twenty minutes more, to admire it at more luxurious leisure; and I can only recommend all tourists who find themselves at Ambleside, not to omit the opportunity of visiting a scene so lovely.

The Gill—for such is the name of a mountain stream in this part of the world—is but small; and the Force—such is the very appropriate name of a fall—does not astonish by its power or splendour. It owes all its beauty to its banks; and in the fine summer evening, in which I traced it upwards to its greatest leap over the rocks, I could not but confess, familiar as I was with scenery of this kind, that if I had seen many more magnificent, and hundreds as beautiful, I had never seen one that gave me more pleasure to linger near. I was too much charmed with it at the time, to compare it disadvantageously with distant scenes. I was contented with the visible loveliness around me, and Shelley's fine description of a stream in his wild poem of "Alastor, or the Spirit

STOCKGILL FORCE.

of Solitude," recurred to my mind as I lingered beside it, till the evening was far advanced.

The rivulet,
Wanton and wild, through many a green ravine
Beneath the forest flowed. Sometimes it fell
Among the moss, with hollow harmony
Dark and profound. Now on the polished stones
It danced, like childhood laughing as it went;
Then through the plain in tranquil wanderings crept,
Reflecting every herb and drooping bird
That overhung its quietness.

* * * * *

Grey rocks did peep from the spare moss and stemmed
The struggling brook; tall spires of windlestrae
Threw their thin shadows down the rugged slope,
And sometimes gnarled roots of ancient pines,
Branchless and blasted, clenched with grasping roots
Th' unwilling soil.

AMBLESIDE FROM THE RYDAL ROAD.

Ambleside was formerly a Roman station, and is believed to be identical with the *Dictis* of the Notitia. In Camden's Britannia, there is a description of some slight traces of a fortress which are, to this day, discernible; and amongst which urns, coins, and fragments of tessellated pavement have been dug up. He says—"At the upper point of Winandermere lies the carcase, as it were, of an antient city, with great ruins of walls, and of buildings without the walls, still remaining scattered about. It was of an oblong form, defended by a fosse and vallum; in length 132

ells, and in breadth 80. The British bricks, the mortar mixed with fragments of bricks, the small urns, glass vessels, Roman coins frequently found, round stones like mill-stones, of which piled on one another pillars were formerly made, and the paved roads leading to it, plainly bespeak it a Roman work."

"This fort," he further adds, "is guarded on the west by the conflux of the rivers Rothay and Brathay, on the south by Windermere. A high rock, at a small distance, intercepted the north wind. Being fortified with a ditch and rampart, it was only accessible from the south-east. To this place, the military ways are supposed to have gone, which pass by Papcastle and through Graystock Park.

"Among other pieces of antiquity discovered in this fort were several Roman coins in all metals, which make part of the cabinet given by deed in 1674, by Mr. T. Brathwaite to the *University of Oxford.* At a place called 'Spying How,' in Troutbeck Constabulary, was a heap of stones called the Raise; which being removed to make fences, discovered a chest of four stones, one on each side, and one at each end, full of human bones. There is another very large heap called Wandale Raise. In making a turnpike road from Ambleside to Keswick, about five or six years ago, they found an urn with bones and ashes in it, now in the possession of Humphrey Senhouse, of

Netherhall, Esq. At a place called Borrans in this lordship, there was a square fort called Borrans' Ring, surrounded by a bulwark and trench.

"The inner part of the square has been walled about, and there are buildings in the midst amongst the ruins of which much hewn stone hath been found and divers of the aforesaid coins which Mr. T. Brathwaite gave to the University."

The poet Gray who has so well described, and who so highly enjoyed all the other portions of the Lake District, has left us no account of Ambleside. He went through it on his road from Keswick, intending to lie there; but on looking into the bed-chamber of the inn, he found it dark and damp as a cellar, grew delicate, and gave up Winandermere in despair; resolving that he would go on to Kendal directly, which he did: getting a few glimpses of the Queen of the Lakes by the way.

RYDAL MOUNT.

CHAPTER III.

Visit to Rydal Mount.—A Companion.—An Excursion on Windermere.—Opposition to Steam.—Labour misapplied.—Strange Fancies—Esthwaite.—Hawkshead.—Coniston.—The Old Man.

NEXT morning I started once more for Rydal Mount, remarking, as I passed, the junction of the rivers Brathay and Rothay, the principal feeders of Lake Windermere, and where the Roman town of *Dictis* alluded to in the last chapter, is supposed to have stood. Of these streams, a fact very interesting to the lover of natural history has been mentioned by Mr. Wordsworth. He says, that the charr and trout, at the approach of the spawning season, may be seen proceeding together out of the lake up the

stream, to the point where the Brathay and Rothay meet, when they uniformly separate, as if by mutual arrangement, the charr always, and all of them, taking the Brathay, and the trout, the Rothay. I have heard no explanation of this circumstance, nor any answer to Mr. Wordsworth's queries, whether the fact is to be accounted for by a difference in the quality of the waters, or by some geological peculiarity in the beds of the two streams.

Rydal Hall, the residence of the very ancient family of Le Fleming, a family that was of importance in the district when King Stephen endowed the Abbey of St. Mary's of Furness, stands on the right of the lane leading to Rydal Mount, the latter being on the left. The hall is a square, ungainly building, and is in no way worthy of remark or notice, if we except the fact in its history, that on the same spot the same family have resided for seven centuries, and been the benefactors of the neighbourhood. Mr. Wordsworth has addressed one of his poems to Lady Le Fleming, "On seeing the foundation prepared for the erection of Rydal Chapel," in which he alludes to the antiquity of the family.

Oh, Lady! from a noble line
Of chieftains sprung, who stoutly bore
The spear, yet gave to works divine
A bounteous help in days of yore,
As records mouldering in the dell
Of Deadly Nightshade yet may tell,)

Thee, kindred aspirations moved
To build within a vale beloved
For Him, upon whose high behests
All peace depends, all safety rests.

The vale of Deadly Night Shade, here alluded to, is the vale in which Furness Abbey is built. There are two waterfalls in the grounds of Rydal Hall, which may be seen on application at the lodge. The upper fall is in a glen above the hall; but the lower fall, by far the more beautiful of the two, is seen from a summer-house in the pleasure grounds.

I found the Bard of the Excursion walking in his garden when I arrived at the Mount; and long and fervently did I admire the beauty of the scene from the lawn before his window, and the calm philosophy and true love of nature that had led him to make choice of such a place, and keep himself in such happy and such long seclusion from the busy world.

The view of Windermere from his door was the finest I had yet seen; and at another part of his grounds, the view of Rydal water was combined with that of Windermere, forming, with Loughrigg in front, amid the encircling hills on every side, a landscape of extreme beauty. It is no part of the plan of this little book to record the conversation of Mr. Wordsworth during the two hours that I had the pleasure and advantage of his society. Interesting as the record might be, and often as the bad example

has been set of repeating conversations never meant to be repeated, and of perpetuating in print the unstudied expressions of confidential intercourse, the practice is unwarrantable. When a great man has departed from amongst us; when there is no longer the possibility of hearing his voice in his own familiar haunts; and when every reminiscence, however trifling, becomes of value, these records of conversations are like so many treasures recovered from the yawning depths of oblivion; but in the lifetime of a great man, publication is an offence against him, and against society. If he have been informed that his words are to be taken down; and that he is speaking to the public through the medium of his interlocutor, the case is different; but as neither Mr. Wordsworth nor myself had any such notion, our long conversation upon poets, poetry, criticism, hill-climbing, autograph-hunting, and various other matters, must remain untold. An exception in the case of one portion of our talk may, however, be made with advantage, as it does honour to the illustrious dead; and is a topic of much interest to all students and to all the drudges of literature. In speaking of the lamented Southey, whose name is so intimately associated with his own, and whose friendship and society he enjoyed for so many years, he dwelt with much emphasis upon the long-continued and systematic economy of his time, by which he was enabled to vary his studies from

history to philosophy—from philosophy to politics—from politics to poetry, and do more work in each than would have sufficed to make the reputation of half a dozen men of inferior attainments. At the period of his death, and indeed long before, it was the general opinion that he had tasked his brain too severely by study; that his intellect had become overclouded from excess of mental toil; and that he had laboured "not wisely, but too well." Mr. Wordsworth, however, upon my putting the question to him, denied that such was the case. Though Southey's labours were almost superhuman, and were varied in a wonderful manner, they seemed, he said, rather to refresh and strengthen, than to weary and weaken his mind. He fell a victim, not to literary toil, but to his strong affection for his first wife, which led him night after night, when his labours of the day were ended, to watch with sleepless anxiety over her sick bed. The strongest mind, as he observed, will ultimately give way under the long-continued deprivation of the natural refreshment of the body. No brain can remain in permanent health that has been overtasked by nightly vigils, still more than by daily labour. When such vigils are accompanied by the perpetually-recurring pain of beholding the sufferings of a beloved object, and the as perpetually-recurring fear of losing it, they become doubly and trebly injurious; and the labour that must be done, becomes

no longer the joy and the solace that it used to be. It is transformed from a pleasure into a pain; from a friend into an enemy; from a companion into a fearful monster; crying, like the daughter of the horse-leech, "*Give!—give!*" It is then that the fine and delicate machinery of the mind is deranged. It is then that it snaps; then that the "sweet bells are jangled and out of tune"—that the light is extinguished, and the glory hidden under a cloud, that Eternity may lift, but not Time. Such, it appears, was the case with the amiable Robert Southey; the grand if not the great poet; the accomplished scholar and the estimable man in every relation of life. So was it, also, in the more recent fate of the equally amiable and estimable Laman Blanchard, whose sad story I recalled to Mr. Wordsworth's recollection, as a parallel case. To the free mind, untouched by domestic grief, literary toil, however great, is scarcely a burden; but when one engrossing sorrow comes, and the brain must work in spite of it, the conflict begins, in which sorrow not only gains the mastery, but destroys the battle field, and blasts its fruit in this life, for ever.

Before leaving Mr. Wordsworth's garden I made the acquaintance of Mr. John Mills, of Ashton-under-Lyne, a young enthusiast in literature, who, like myself, had come to pay his respects to the bard. He was afterwards my companion for three

days amid the lakes, and explored their beauties with me. We viewed and admired together the unrivalled landscape which is to be seen from the summer-house in Mr. Wordsworth's garden commanding Windermere in almost its whole extent on the one side, and Rydal Water and Grasmere on the other, and returned together to Ambleside. Congeniality of taste having made us intimate in less than a quarter of an hour, we formed, as we went, the intention of taking a boat upon Windermere, as the weather still continued propitious, and devoting the remainder of the day to an exploration of the scenery of the lake. To Water-head—which may be called the port of Ambleside, is a walk of about three quarters of a mile, and it struck us both, beautifully situated as the town is, that it would have been much better if it had been placed on the edge of the lake, instead of at a distance so considerable. On arriving we saw the little steam-boat, "the Lady of the Lake," that has lately been introduced upon this quiet mere, ploughing its way towards Bowness, which made us regret that we had not been in time to avail ourselves of its more rapid conveyance. Remembering Mr. Wordsworth's printed denunciations of steam, and the opposition that this elegant little boat had encountered on its first introduction, we were led to make enquiries about it, and learned that it was very ill-supported. Tourists, to

whom it is a great convenience, had no prejudice against it, but the very reverse; and by them, during the season, it was well patronised. The inhabitants, however, of Bowness, Lowood, Ambleside, and generally the gentry of the neighbourhood, set their faces against it, and would not use it, we were informed, even for the conveyance of a parcel—so annoyed were they that their darling lake should be disturbed by the evolutions of the paddle, or their clear atmosphere contaminated by the smoke of a funnel. It seemed sheer pride and aristocratic feeling that was at the bottom of this ill-will; for the boatmen, as far as we could learn, did not regard it with any particular jealousy. On Loch Katrine, on the contrary, the introduction of a steam-boat two years before, had excited so much animosity on the part of the Highland reivers, who, in the shape of boatmen and pony-hirers, prey most unmercifully upon the pockets of the traveller, that they made a vow to sink it—and kept their word. The perpetrators were never discovered. A new steamer is about to be launched, on board of which a sufficient watch will be kept, to detect and punish the cowardly robbers who may attempt such an atrocity again. On Windermere, the boatmen are gentlemen in comparison with those of Loch Katrine, and seem to harbour no resentment against steam in general, or against the Lady of the Lake in particular—a fact

which I was glad to hear, although it impressed still more vividly upon my mind the uncharitable and foolish exclusiveness of the wealthier classes.*

We hired a boat and a lad to assist at the oar, and were rowed into the clear bosom of Windermere, in the direction of Bowness, intending to

"Wind among the lawny islands fair;"

a gentle breeze blowing around us, a bright sun shining from an unclouded sky above us, and the distant mountains, hazeless and mistless, and clearly defined in all their outlines, standing out against the deep blue of the firmament. Amongst them as we approached Lowood, the most conspicuous, looking back towards Ambleside, were Coniston Old Man, with an elevation, according to the trigonometrical survey, of 2576 feet; Scawfell 3166; Bow Fell 2911; Glaramara, whose remarkable name and proper accentuation formed, if I remember rightly, the subject of some correspondence between Southey and Coleridge; and the Langdale Pikes, the Pike of Stickle, and Harrison's Stickle, 2400 feet in height, and more im-

* Since the above was written, it has been announced in a newspaper paragraph, that the owners of the "Lady of the Lake," had greater cause, towards the close of the season of 1845, to be satisfied with the patronage of their boat by the inhabitants, than they had at its commencement; and that at a meeting held in October, they resolved to build another steamer to ply on the lake, in conjunction with the "Lady," in the season of 1846.

posing in their appearance from this point than any of their lofty and magnificent neighbours. Upon the western shore of the lake a very prominent and dis-

WINDERMERE AND RAY CASTLE.

agreeable object has been lately erected, in the form of a huge building, called Ray Castle, the ugliest specimen of the modern antique I ever beheld, and destroying by its inappropriateness and inelegance, the beauty of an otherwise faultless landscape. It is to be hoped that the bad taste of the owner has not escaped the censure of Mr. Wordsworth, who, as we have already seen, is jealous to an extreme of the artificial deformity, introduced into the haunts he loves so well, and which he has so well described.

Our boatman told us that at a short distance on the eastern side of the lake, were some inscriptions

on the rocks, which were the greatest curiosities of the place. The guide-book having made no mention of them, we were the more anxious to see what they were, and were rowed ashore accordingly, at a point not far from Lowood Inn. Here we found every smooth surface afforded by the rocks—every slab on the stratified formation,—covered with inscriptions, engraved with much toil, in letters varying from six to twenty or twenty-four inches in height. On one large red stone of at least ten feet square, was engraved "1833. MONEY. LIBERTY. WEALTH. PEACE";—a catalogue of blessings very much to be desired. On another stone was the simple date "1688:" expressive enough of the engraver's political sentiments.—And on another in larger characters, "A SLAVE LANDING ON THE BRITISH STRAND, BECOMES FREE." All the largest stones, and slabs, some of which were horizontal, others vertical, and the rest inclined at various angles, and the whole of them giving evidence that the place had formerly been a quarry—were covered with inscriptions of a like purport. The following are a few of the most striking. One immense surface of rock bore the following names, which are transcribed in the original order. "SUN. BULWER. DRYDEN. DAVY. BURNS. SCOTT. BURDETT. GARRICK. KEMBLE. GRAY. KEAN. MILTON. HENRY BROUGHAM. JAMES WATT. PROFESSOR WILSON. DR. JENNER." To which were added the

words in characters equally conspicuous, "THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS." "MAGNA CHARTA." This slab was a testimony apparently, of the engraver's admiration of great intellect. One close alongside of it was of a different style and bore the date "1836," followed by the words, "WILLIAM IV. PRESIDENT JACKSON. LOUIS PHILIPPE. BRITANNIA RULES THE WAVES." Next to that again was a still larger surface of rock on which was indented, "NATIONAL DEBT £800,000,000. O SAVE MY COUNTRY, HEAVEN! GEORGE III. AND WILLIAM PITT." "MONEY IS THE SINEW OF WAR." "FIELD MARSHAL WELLINGTON. HEROIC ADMIRAL NELSON. CAPTAIN COOK. ADMIRAL RODNEY." One stone, at least eight feet square, bore but one word in letters a yard long, and that was significant enough—viz. "STEAM." On enquiring of the boatman, who it was that had expended so much labour, he pointed out another stone, on which were the words "John Longmire, Engraver," and informed us that it was a person of that name, who had spent about six years of his prime in this work—labouring here alone, and in all weathers—and both by night and by day. He took great pleasure in the task and was, as the boatman took pains to impress upon us, rather "dull" at the time. This phrase as he afterwards explained, implies, in this part of the country, that he was deranged; and I thought when looking with renewed interest upon

these mementos of his ingenuity and perseverance, missapplied though they were, that it was a happy circumstance that an afflicted creature could have found solace under calamity, in a manner so harmless. There was a method in the work, and a sense, too, in the poor man's ideas, which showed that his sympathies were in favour of the moral and intellectual advancement of mankind; and that, amid the last feeble glimmerings of his own reason, he could do honour to those whose intellect had benefited and adorned our age. I could learn no further particulars of him,—our friend, the boatman, not being able to say whether he were dead or alive, or whether his "dulness" had ever manifested itself in a more disorderly manner than in these inscriptions.

When we left the quarry it had become too late to proceed to Bowness, as was our first intention, and we reluctantly turned back towards Waterhead; but I afterwards made this excursion alone, in the "Lady of the Lake," and was amply repaid for the trouble, by the view of this elegant little town, the chief port of the lake, and often preferred by visitors to Ambleside itself. From this point the islands (Belle Isle or Curwen's Isle being the most prominent) are seen to greater advantage than at any other; and the whole extent of the lake, both northward and southward, is visible in all its beauty.

BOWNESS, FROM THE LAKE.

Calgarth House, in the immediate vicinity, embowered and finely sheltered, and commanding a splendid view of the lake, deserves mention as the residence of the amiable Bishop Watson, who built the mansion, and resided in it for the closing years of his life.

Rayrigg, within three quarters of a mile of Bowness, was the residence of William Wilberforce, a still more illustrious person; and is looked upon with reverence by every pilgrim to these romantic shores. By some it is said to resemble Voltaire's mansion of Ferney, on the Lake of Geneva. In 1788, the last year of Wilberforce's residence in this beautiful spot, he writes to a friend:—

"I never enjoyed the country more than during this visit, when, in the early morning, I used to

row out alone, and find an oratory under one of the woody islands in the middle of the lake."

He repeatedly invited his friend Mr. Pitt, to share for a few weeks, or even days, the delights of a country life with him here, but the premier was invariably prevented by the all-absorbing duties of his high station, from taking the relaxation which he would have enjoyed so much.

We determined early next morning to visit the Coniston Water, a small but exquisitely beautiful lake, about eight miles from Ambleside. There are two ways of reaching it,—one by taking the boat to the ferry-house, a little lower down than Bowness, on the opposite side of Windermere, passing the still smaller lake of Esthwaite, or as the country people pronounce it, Estitt, and the small market-town of Hawkshead, making a circuit altogether of fifteen miles. The other road is the direct one, and leads round by the head of Windermere, crossing both the Rothay and the Brathay, and by Low Park, through a little frequented road, direct to the very comfortable inn at the head of the water. We chose the latter route, and hiring a chaise from our host of the Salutation, drove out at six in the morning, to breakfast at Coniston. The road we took afforded views of very varied and lovely scenery at every turn. We lost sight of Windermere completely, but caught a glimpse of Esthwaite as we proceeded, shining in the

ESTHWAITE WATER AND HAWKSHEAD.

morning sun, and of Hawkshead at its northern extremity.

Esthwaite Water is about two miles in length, and half a mile in width, and is surrounded by an excellent carriage road. It abounds in perch, pike, eels, and trout, and is, according to all accounts, as beautiful a spot for the angler, as the most gentle follower of that gentle craft could desire to drop a line in.

Coniston, most placid of all placid waters, is of larger dimensions, being six miles in length, and about three quarters of a mile in breadth. Like Esthwaite, it is surrounded by a fine road, from almost every turn of which some exquisite view of mountain or of woodland, or of the lake is obtained.

CONISTON WATER.

On arriving we took a boat while breakfast was preparing, and my companion being sturdy at the oar, rowed for a full mile down the lake, that we might admire from its bosom the amphitheatre of mountains that hem it in, and shut it from the world. Behind the inn at the head of the lake, is an imposing hill, called the Raven's Crag, and to the west is the huge bulk of the mountain known by the name of Coniston Old Man.

One of the guide books calls Coniston Old Man an "almost peerless mountain," but for my part, as I saw it from the lake, I thought it very ugly and unshapely. Its ascent is a favourite one with visitors to the lake district. Its height, as has been already stated, is 2576 feet above the level of the

sea, and the view from its summit is said to be exceedingly fine, and to command a prospect inferior to none in Westmorland, not excepting even those from Scawfell and Helvellyn. We had not time, however, to scale its height; and for my own part, I had had so much hill-climbing within the few previous weeks, having twice ascended Goatfell in Arran, and once Ben Lomond in the interval, that I did not feel much inclined to undertake any expedition of the sort; the more especially as my most recent ascent was rewarded with nothing but a thorough soaking, and a very fine view of rolling mists. We learned, however, that the ascent of this mountain was not safe without a guide; that from the side nearest to the lake it was gradual from the base to the summit, but that on the outer, a secondary mountain, piled on the back of a lower one, rose steep and rugged, and exhibited many scenes of great wildness and grandeur.

On the summit of this mountain are three "men," or, beacons of stone, a word equivalent to the Scottish "cairn;" which are popularly known as the "Old Man," his "Wife," and his "Son;" and standing by the side of them, on a clear day, the traveller can discover the bays and estuaries of the Lancashire coast, and a part of the sea-shore of Cumberland; the Isle of Man and Wales, and far off, indistinct, but perceptible, the peak of Snowdon, in Wales.

D. Cox, Jun., Del.

T. Gilks, Sculp.

CONISTON OLD MAN.

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There are two roads by which the traveller in search of the picturesque may return from Coniston to Ambleside, if he does not desire to go over the same ground by which he came. Both lead through Hawkshead—the first, and shortest, leading by High Wray, and over Brathay bridge: the second, which is at least double the distance, or about fifteen miles, leading to the ferry opposite Bowness, and of which mention has been already made. The first of these two is generally chosen:—and if there were no other attraction than the visit to Hawkshead, and the view of Ambleside from High Wray, to induce the traveller to prefer it, there would be inducement quite sufficient for every person of taste. On this road there is a view of Coniston Old Man, which presents itself in a somewhat more agreeable form than it does to the spectator at the head of Coniston. Shortly before arriving at the town of Hawkshead, the attention of the traveller is directed to the very picturesque old building known as Hawkshead Hall. It was formerly a monastery, where the abbots of Furness held their courts, but has been converted by time and necessity—and, we may add, utility, into a very compact, though peculiar-looking, farm-house. Its mill and outhouses, itself, and its situation, form together a picture, which no artist who travels that way can resist making a sketch of, and which no lover of scenery can pass without admiring.

HAWKSHEAD HALL.

The town of Hawkshead stands in a sheltered valley, surrounded by the lofty Furness Fells. It has a remarkable and quaint appearance, suggestive of its antiquity; and its church, dedicated to St. Michael, stands pleasantly upon an eminence, commanding a fine view of the valley, and of Esthwaite Water. It has a grammar-school, founded in 1585, by the celebrated Edwyn Sandys, Archbishop of York, where many eminent men have received their earliest instruction; and which has of later years acquired its crowning glory, as the school where the infant William Wordsworth was taught the first rudiments of knowledge; and where his brother,

AMBLESIDE, FROM HIGH WRAY.

the late distinguished Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, was educated with him. At High Wray, the next point on the road, let the tourist pause to admire the prospect that opens out before him—of the clear and lovely lake, the quiet picturesque village, or, more properly speaking, town of Ambleside, at its head; and the magnificent panorama of mountains that engirdle the whole. If he is fortunate enough to have a fine day, with a cloudless sky, he will acknowledge that English mountain scenery—if not the grandest, is among the most beautiful in Europe; and regret that the too aqueous atmosphere so commonly prevents its loveliness from being fully appreciated.

From High Wray is a short, but pleasant walk to Ambleside, leading over the picturesque bridge of the Brathay—a bridge that had such charms in the eyes of our artist, that he has produced a fac-simile of it, that others like himself may pause to admire its beauty.

BRATHAY BRIDGE.

LANGDALE PIKES.

CHAPTER IV.

Langdale Pikes.—Blea Tarn.—Dungeon Gill.—Ulleswater.—Kirkstone Pass.—Brotherwater.—Deepdale.—Lyulph's Tower.—Gowbarrow Park.—Airy, or Ara Force.—Helvellyn.—The unfortunate Tourist and his Dog.—The ascent of the mountain.—Penrith.—Lowther Castle.—Arthur's Round Table.—The Bodach Glas and Fergus McIvor.—Brougham Castle and Brougham Hall.

On our return from Coniston, my companion not having seen Stock Gill Force, I paid a second visit to the stream, that I might act as guide to its beauties. The water being low, we took its bed for our course, making our way over the large stones, amongst which it flowed, and finding pleasant excitement in

conquering the difficulties that every now and then seemed as if they would bar our progress. Sometimes we had to leap; sometimes to proceed cautiously on a narrow ledge of rock; sometimes to climb high on the bank, aiding our ascent by taking hold of roots and branches of trees; while we had as often to descend again by the same means, amid precipices, which, in my cooler moments, I would have thought it foolhardiness to attempt. We were rewarded for our trouble by many exquisite glimpses of scenery; and I was more and more confirmed in a long-cherished opinion, that for the enthusiastic admirer of nature, there is often more varied beauty to be discovered in a small mountain-stream of this kind, than in a widely-extended landscape.

We proceeded together to Keswick on the following day, where we parted company; but before describing this part of the tour, it will be more regular that I should dwell upon the neighbourhood of Ambleside, and the three beautiful excursions made by every traveller who has the time to spare, and which are amongst the most celebrated of all the lovely spots in the lake district. The first is into the vales of Great and Little Langdale, the second to Patterdale and Ulleswater, and the third to Ulverstone and Furness Abbey. I made all of them afterwards, and give an account of them now in their proper places.

W. Dickes, Del. T. Gilks, Sculp.

COLWITH FORCE.

The road to Langdale leads by a small place called Clappersgate, alongside of the river Brathay, until about two miles from Ambleside, where it branches into two, the one leading to Little, and the other to Great, Langdale. Taking that which conducts to Little Langdale as the most picturesque, and also the most convenient, we pass two falls, or "forces," the one called Skelwith, and the other Colwith Force. They are both beautiful, the last more especially, and well worth "hunting" by any one who has the eye of a poet or a painter, and stout limbs besides. The road passes close to a tarn called Elter Water, and at one point affords a fine view of that small lake, and also of Loughrigg Tarn. Great and Little Langdale are almost parallel to each other, being separated by a ridge called Lingmoor. Blea Tarn, a small sheet of water in Little Langdale, situated in a vale high amid the mountains, has been described by Mr. Wordsworth, in his poem of The Excursion;

> Behold!
> Beneath our feet a little lowly vale—
> A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high
> Among the mountains; even as if the spot
> Had been from oldest time by wish of theirs
> So placed, to be shut out from all the world.
> Urn-like it was in shape—deep as an urn
> With rocks encompass'd.

The view of the noble assemblage of mountains comprising the Langdale Pikes, is here most striking

and magnificent. Beyond Wall End, in a fissure of the mountain and surrounding high and picturesque rocks, is Dungeon Gill, a small stream which

DUNGEON GILL.

has its source in the "Pikes." The Gill forms a fine fall down a cleft of the mountain; and a huge piece of rock, which some convulsion of nature has hurled from above, has fallen upon the fissure, and become so wedged in as to form an arch over the torrent, and a very remarkable object.

The admirers of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry will remember his pastoral of "The Idle Shepherd Boys," the scene of which is laid in Dungeon Gill Force. It is, however but a poor incident, and is told with all the poverty of thought and expression which characterised the early efforts of a Muse that in after years became so rich and vigorous.

The ascent of the "Pikes" is generally commenced from a point near this Gill, and leads over a peat moss from Millbeck to a small lake called Stickle Tarn, famous for trout. The crags of Pavey Ark look down upon this lake in solemn grandeur, and form a magnificent addition to the landscape. From thence to the top of the highest of the "Pikes" called Harrison Stickle, is an ascent of some difficulty. From the summit there is a fine view over Great Langdale, towards Windermere; but from the neighbouring Pike called Stickle Pike, there is one still finer, looking over the valley and lake of Bassenthwaite, on the road to Keswick, and the majestic Skiddaw, the monarch of the mountains of England.

The visit to Patterdale and Ulleswater is sometimes made from Keswick, but most generally from Ambleside. Next to Windermere, Ulleswater is the largest of the lakes, being nine miles in length, and one in breadth, and is 460 feet above the level of the sea. Windermere is but 116. The road leads from Ambleside between the Church and the Free

Grammar school, and ascends gradually for about three miles to the famous pass of Kirkstone, upon the beauties of which Mr. Wordsworth has written an elegant and well-known ode. It takes its name from a large detached mass of rock near the top of the pass, which by slight aid from the imagination appears like a church; Mr. Wordsworth thus alludes to it in his ode;—

> Yon block, whose church-like frame
> Gives to the savage pass its name.
> Aspiring road! that lov'st to hide
> Thy daring in a vapoury bower.
> Not seldom may the hour return
> When thou shalt be my guide;
> And I (as often we find cause,
> When life is at a weary pause,
> And we have panted up the hill
> Of duty with reluctant will,)
> Be thankful, even though tired and faint,
> For the rich bounties of constraint,
> Whence oft-invigorating transports flow,
> That choice lacked courage to bestow.

From the pass the road descends, leaving that part of Scandal Fells, called the Screes, whence the beautiful Stock Gill rises on the left, and Cold-dale Fell on the right. Here, in descending, the view extends, and affords a glimpse of Brotherwater and Patterdale in the distance. The road afterwards winds by Hartsop Hall to the side of this small mere, and

D. H. M'Kewan, Del.

T. Giles, Sculp.

ULLESWATER.

through Deepdale. In the latter "a stream," says Mr. Wordsworth, "issues from a cove richly decorated with native wood. This spot is rarely or never explored by travellers; but from these sylvan and rocky recesses, whoever looks back on the gleaming surface of Brotherwater, or forward to the precipitous sides and lofty ridges of Dove Crag, will be equally pleased with the grandeur and wildness of the scenery."

The finest scenes on Ulleswater are between Patterdale and Lyulph's Tower on the western side, about four miles distant. The excursion by water is to be preferred on every account; and nothing in Windermere, lovely as that lake is, exceeds in beauty the scenery of mountain and water, which is here spread in rich profusion before the eyes of the lover of nature. There are several small islands at the head of the lake between the two places above mentioned; and a sail amongst them on a clear summer day, with a mind free from care, and an imagination watchful for every beauty that may be offered to it, is recompense for a month's toil and trouble to procure it. The average depth of the lake is from twenty to thirty-five fathoms, and it abounds in very excellent trout; and a fish called a skelly, a "sort of fresh water herring," as mine host of the inn at Patterdale called it, when I made inquiry upon the subject. There are also char and eels in abundance.

The principal feeders of the lake are, Grisedale Beck, formed by the overflow of a tarn high up between Scat Sandal and Helvellyn; and Godrill Beck, formed by a junction of the overflowing waters of Blea and Angle Tarns. Glencoin Beck, formed by the overflow of the Red and Keppel Tarns, also contributes its quota, and a score of nameless streams, dry in summer, but strong and rejoicing in the autumn and winter, pay their tribute to the lucent majesty of Ulleswater. It consists of three reaches, the first or lowest, towards Matterdale, is about three miles in length, and forms with its gently sloping banks, the least interesting portion of the lake. The second reach is about four miles in length, having the rich woodlands of Gowbarrow Park, and the towering splendour of Helvellyn, and her comrade hills, upon the left; and Swarrobeck Fell and Martindale on the right. The smallest reach is of two miles, and is the most striking and sublime of all, being surrounded on every side with scenery unsurpassed for its stern but not gloomy grandeur, intermingled with wood and fell in magnificent and ever varying contrast.

Pedestrians who penetrate into this region generally make the arduous ascent of Helvellyn from Patterdale; but before doing so, it would be well if they would devote a morning to the walk on the left bank of the lake to Gowbarrow Park, and Lyulph's Tower, where some of the most charming scenery

LYULPH'S TOWER.

in Westmoreland lies for exploration. Lyulph's Tower was a hunting-seat of the late Duke of Norfolk, and is built in a style that harmonizes admirably with the character of the landscape. It is now the property of Mr. Howard, of Greystoke, and stands a little above the road, in a part of Gowbarrow Park. It takes its name from Lyulph, who, it will be remembered, is a great personage in the Bridal of Triermain. He is represented as a wizard, "or sage of power," dwelling by "Ulfo's lake," to whom the Baron despatched a page to know whether the lady that appeared to him in his sleep was a woman or a sprite.

> With her look so sweet, and her eyes so fair,
> And her graceful step, and her angel air,
> And the eagle plume in her dark-brown hair.

Mr. Wordsworth relates an instance of atmospheric phenomena in reference to this lake and Lyulph's Tower, of which he was a witness, and which is not without interest. He says that, walking one fine September morning by the banks of Ulleswater, he saw, deep within the bosom of the lake, a magnificent castle with towers and battlements, perfectly clear and distinct. He gazed upon it with delight, and could not but regret at the time that his knowledge of the cause of the phenomenon "withdrew the veil from the enchantment." It was, in fact, the reflection of Lyulph's Tower, the turrets and battlements appearing so much magnified and changed in appearance as at first to be scarcely recognizable,—especially as the actual tower was totally hidden by a body of vapour stretching over the hillside. I have myself witnessed similar optical illusions among the wilder and more magnificent scenery of the Highland lochs, especially in Loch Lochy and Loch Oich,—the first two links of the chain of lakes that form the Caledonian Canal. The mist is in this respect a clever wizard; and performs feats nothing less than marvellous to him who would judge of every thing by first impressions.

About a quarter of a mile further is a lovely little brook, the Airey or Ara, which at Airey Force falls over the rocks a height of eighty feet, into a beautiful and deep glen, covered with luxuriant

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OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC

D. H. M'Kewan, Del. T. Giles, Sculp.

AIREY FORCE.

foliage of fern and sweet-scented hawthorns. Its picturesque bridge, also, will not fail to be noticed by the traveller.

This beautiful waterfall is the scene of the touching legend of the "Somnambulist," which has been versified by Mr. Wordsworth.

List ye who pass by Lyulph's tower
At eve, how softly then,
Doth Aira Force, that torrent hoarse,
Speak from the woody glen.
Fit music for a solemn vale!
And holier seems the sound,
To him who catches on the gale
The spirit of a mournful tale
Embodied in the sound.

The legend is, that Emma, a beautiful lady, betrothed to one Sir Eglamour, was walking in her sleep on the banks of the Fall; and that her lover, who had unexpectedly returned after a long absence —so long as to have affected her health—was struck with the apparition of the maid,

The downward pathway taking,
That led her to the torrent's side,
And to a holy bower.

He watched her for some time, plucking the twigs from the trees, and casting them into the stream, uncertain whether she were a real object, or a mere phantom of his imagination.

Soul-shattered was the knight, nor knew,
If Emma's ghost it were,
A boding shade, or if the maid,
Her very self stood there.
He touched—what followed, who shall tell?
The soft touch snapped the thread
Of slumber: shrieking, back she fell,
And the stream whirled her down the dell,
Along its foaming bed.

The Knight, says the legend, plunged in after her and rescued her; but though consciousness returned for a short period, and she recognized him, she expired within a few minutes upon the bank. As for him, heart-broken, he built a cell upon the edge of the Fall, and lived there in solitude for several years, shunning all intercourse with the world.

Wild stream of Aira, hold thy course,
Nor fear memorial lays,
Where clouds that spread in solemn shade,
Are edged with golden rays.
Dear art thou to the light of Heaven,
Though minister of sorrow;
Sweet is thy voice at pensive even,
And thou in lover's heart forgiven,
Shalt take thy place with Yarrow.

I had a great desire to ascend Helvellyn. The mountain was sacred to my recollections of Coleridge, with whose name and genius I had somehow or other cause to associate it;—principally, I believe,

from that beautiful little fragment of his, entitled the "Knight's Tomb;"—at least, I have been unable to discover any other reason for it. Its melody had long haunted me, and I had unconsciously repeated it to myself, I know not how many times, as soon as I found myself within sight of the mountain.

Where is the grave of Sir Arthur Lewellyn,
  Where may the grave of that good Knight be?
By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,
  Under the leaves of a young birch tree.
The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,
And whistled and roared in the winter alone
Is gone: and the birch in its stead is grown:—
The Knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;—
His soul is with the saints I trust.

The morning I had set apart for the purpose dawned dull and misty; but as the day wore on I still indulged the hope of sufficient sunshine to make the attempt. My hopes were disappointed; and I was not so enthusiastic in my love for the mountain as to scale its heights amid the clouds of vapour that obscured all surrounding objects; the more especially as my recent experiences in hill climbing had given me but small encouragement for mountain rambles amid mist and rain. I was, therefore, obliged to relinquish the idea, and to give the following account of the mountain, from such sources of information as

books afforded me.. According to the Ordnance survey, Helvellyn is 3055 feet above the level of the sea; and from its summit extensive views are obtained of the most beautiful portions of the lake district. The ascent is sometimes made from the opposite side at Wythburn, on the road from Ambleside to Keswick, the distance being much less from that point than from other places; but travellers who like the assistance of horses or ponies for the first half of the work, prefer to start from Patterdale. From the latter place, says Mr. Wordsworth, it may be made on horseback with a little management as far as the Red Tarn, by taking the track up Grisedale, through the ancient farm-yard of Grasset How. It then proceeds winding up the side of the hill in the direction of Bleaberry Crag, an offshoot of the shoulder of the mountain called Striding Edge, and then strikes off by the foot of the Red Tarn to the stakes where the horses are usually tied. The remainder of the ascent must be made on foot. The road ascends by Swirrel Edge, a rocky projection of Helvellyn, crowned by a conical hill with the abominable name of Catchedicam; from which point a scramble of twenty minutes will place the traveller on the highest peak of Helvellyn. Some persons, we are informed, are bold enough in making the ascent, to traverse the giddy and dangerous height of Striding Edge, but this road, says the Bard of the Lakes, "ought not

to be taken by any one with weak nerves," as the top in many places scarcely affords room to plant the foot, and is beset with awful precipices on either side. The place, he adds, derives a melancholy interest from the fate of a young man, a stranger, who perished in the spring of 1805, by falling down the rocks in his attempt to cross over from Wythburn to Patterdale. His remains were not discovered, as we learn from an introduction to a poem by Sir Walter Scott, until three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland. It appears from the same note that the stranger, whose name was Gough, was a young gentleman of talent, and of a most amiable disposition. Both Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Wordsworth have written poems upon the subject. Sir Walter's is entitled Helvellyn, and is curious to the critic as a specimen of bad verse upon a good subject, by the foremost man in literature of all his time. The first and last stanzas may suffice :—

I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide,
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me, the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden Edge round the Red Tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending ;
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
Where I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

* * * * * *

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When, wilder'd, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedicam.

Mr. Wordsworth's poem is of a different character to this; and is too well known to need repetition, except perhaps for the sake of the contrast, for which the two following stanzas will suffice. It is entitled FIDELITY.

A barking sound the shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox,
He halts: and searches with his eyes
Among the scattered rocks.
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake or fern,
And instantly a dog is seen
Glancing through that covered green.

* * * * * *

Yes, proof was plain that since the day
When this ill-fated traveller died,
The dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master's side.
How nourished here through such long time
He knows, who gave that love sublime,
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate.

The summit of Helvellyn is a smooth mossy plain, inclining slightly to the west, and terminating abruptly by broken precipices on the east. On the mountains are two cairns, or piles of stone, called "*men*," about a quarter of a mile apart; and from an angle in the hill between them, the best view of the country northward is to be obtained. The majestic Skiddaw, with Blencathra, or Saddleback, on its right, are the most prominent features of the landscape. The list and order of the minor hills which are grouped around, I borrow—with a protest against the villanous bad taste which led to the naming of them,—from the very excellent guide book, published on the authority of Mr. Wordsworth, to which I have so often had occasion to refer. "Nearer the eye than Skiddaw and Saddleback, and lying in a hollow of the mountain, is Kepple Cove Tarn, bounded on the south by Swirrell Edge and Catchedicam. Further south, between the projecting masses of Swirrell Edge and Striding Edge, lies the Red Tarn; and, beyond these, nearly the whole of the middle and lower divisions of Ulleswater are seen. On the eastern, or Westmoreland side, of Ulleswater, are Swarth Fell, Birk Fell, and Place Fell; and, over them, looking in a south-easterly direction, may be seen Kidsay Pike, High Street, and Hill Bell; and still further south, and far distant from the eye, the broad top of Ingleborough is visible. Angle Tarn is

seen reposing among the hills beyond Patterdale. On the Cumberland side, beyond Penrith, the ridge of Cross Fell is stretched out. Looking south, having on the left St. Sunday's crag, are Scandale Fell, Fairfield, and Dolly Wagon Pike. Over these summits appear the lakes of Windermere, Coniston, and Esthwaite, with the flat country extending southwards to Lancaster. To the right of Dolly Wagon Pike is Seat Sandal, with a patch of Loughrigg Fell between them. Beyond may be descried the mountains of Coniston, with Black Comb in the distance. Langdale Pikes and Wrynose are seen beyond Steel Fell; and more to the right over Wythburn head, Scawfell and the Pikes look down in majesty over their more humble neighbours. Great End and Lingmel Crag project from the vast mass of mountains, amongst which the Pikes on Scawfell stand unrivalled; and nearer to the eye are the Borrodale Mountains; Glaramara and Rosthwaite Cam being the most conspicuous. Great Gable rears his head on the right of the Pikes; and more to the north is Kirkfell, over which, on a clear day, the Isle of Man may be seen. Next succeeds the great cluster of mountains extending from Derwentwater to Ennerdale. The first range beyond the heights of Wythburn are Gate Crag, Maiden Moor, and Cat Bells, all near Derwentwater; and over these are Dale Head and Robinson. On the confines of Buttermere

are seen Honister Crag, Fleetwith, Haycocks, High Crag, High Stile, and Red Pike; and still more remote, the Ennerdale Haycocks. Whitelees Pike, Grassmere, Cawsey Pike, and Grisedale Pike, all lie between the above range and the lake of Bassenthwaite, a great part of which may be observed from Helvellyn; and beyond Bassenthwaite extend the distant plains of Cumberland, and the summits of the Scottish mountains." So far our guide book, which we close with an emphatic wish that we may never again have to run over, at one heat, such a cluster of jaw-breaking appellations.

From the foot of Ulleswater to Penrith is a distance of five miles. The first portion runs parallel, or nearly so, with the clear stream of the Eamont. A preferable road, although it adds three or four miles to the distance, is that by Lowther Castle, and Eamont Bridge; by taking which, the tourist may visit the ruins of Brougham Castle, Arthur's Round Table, and obtain a glimpse of Brougham Hall, the seat of Lord Brougham. Lowther Castle stands in a park of six hundred acres, on the east side of the river Lowther, a small stream which joins the Eamont. It is one of the finest structures of its kind in England, combining the solidity of the Baronial Castle with the pompous and rich architecture of the Cathedral. The north front is entirely baronial in its character; the south front entirely

ecclesiastical. The interior is fitted up in a style of gorgeous magnificence. It was commenced in 1802, from the design of Mr. Smirke; and, by a liberality for which all strangers ought to feel grateful, it may be viewed at all seasonable times, on application at the porter's lodge. The late Earl was known for many princely acts;—but, perhaps, he will be best remembered by posterity for the intimate association of his name with the early and late fortunes of Mr. Wordsworth, which he did so much to advance.

Continuing from Lowther, along the high road, to Penrith, we pass the village of Clifton, and afterwards the curious relic, known as Arthur's Round Table. Clifton Moor is famous as having been the scene of an engagement between the Highlanders and the Duke of Cumberland, in the rebellion of '45. Allusion is made to it in Waverley, and the reader will remember the interview between Waverley and Fergus M^{c} Ivor, in his 59th chapter, upon the banks of a stream, and near a hamlet, neither of which are named; but, are intended, the first for the Eamont, and the second for Clifton. It was here that Fergus told Waverley of his vision of the Bodach Glas. "Last night," said he, "I felt so feverish that I left my quarters and walked out, in the hope that the keen frosty air would brace my nerves. I crossed a small foot-bridge, and kept walking backwards and forwards, when I observed with surprise, by the clear

moonlight, a tall figure in a grey plaid, which, move at what pace I would, kept regularly about four yards before me. I called to him, but received no answer. I felt an anxious throbbing at my heart; and to ascertain what I dreaded, I stood still and turned myself successively on the same spot to the four points of the compass. Turn where I would, the figure was instantly before my eyes at precisely the same distance; I was then convinced it was the Bodach Glas. My hair bristled, and my knees shook. I manned myself, however, and determined to return to my quarters. My ghastly visitant glided before me until he reached the foot-bridge. There he stopped, and turned full round. A desperate courage, founded on the belief that my death was near, made me resolve to force my way in spite of him. I made the sign of the cross, drew my sword, and uttered "In the name of God, Evil spirit, give place." "Vich Ian Vohr," it said, in a voice that made my blood curdle, "beware of to-morrow." It seemed at that moment not half a yard from my sword's point, but the words were no sooner spoken than it was gone, and nothing further appeared to obstruct my passage."

The Round Table is on the Westmoreland side of the Eamont, which here forms the boundary between Westmoreland and Cumberland. It is a circular area, twenty-nine yards in diameter, surrounded by a

ditch and elevated mound, with two approaches cut through the mound opposite to each other; and is supposed to have been an area for tournaments, in those long and happily extinguished days of chivalry, when all virtue, all honour, all goodness, were supposed to lie in the breast of him who could make the best (or worst) use of his sword for the slaying of his fellows. A few hundred yards to the west of the Round Table, is an elevation called Mayburgh, upon which is a circular enclosure, one hundred yards in diameter, formed by a broad ridge of rounded stones heaped up to the height of fifteen feet. In the centre of the circle is a pillar of stone eleven feet in height. These relics are undoubtedly of still greater antiquity, and are supposed, on sufficient reason, to have formed part of a Druidical circle. At six miles from Penrith, in a north-eastern direction, there is another Druidical mount of the same kind, but still more distinctly marked, which is known by the name of Long Meg and her daughter. It is to be found on the summit of a hill near little Salkeld. This circle, which is three hundred and fifty yards in circumference, is formed by seventy-two stones, placed at irregular intervals. Many of them are ten feet high; and, the one at the entrance, the tallest of the whole, is eighteen feet high. From the Round Table to Brougham Hall, and the ruins of Brougham Castle, is but a short walk. The latter stands at

the confluence of the Eamont and the Lowther; on the site, according to Camden, of the Roman Brovoniacum.

The ruins have a venerable and majestic appearance amid the ivy which creeps over them, and the green trees which surround them. The castle is supposed to have been built in the early days of the Norman occupation of England, and descended from the Veteriponts to the Cliffords and Tuftons; and now belongs to the Earl of Thanet. The poetical reader will not fail to remember in connection with its history, the beautiful little poem of Wordsworth, "The Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, on the restoration of Lord Clifford, the shepherd, to the abode of his ancestors." About two miles below the castle, on the banks of the Eamont, are the Giant's Caves, two singular natural caverns; or, as some say, artificial excavations in the rocky bank of the stream. The rock in which they are is almost perpendicular; and the only access is by a narrow, and not over-safe ledge. One of them is a very small recess; but the other is more capacious, and appears to have had a door and window, looking towards the stream—forming a fit abode for a recluse—or for a retreat such as that in which Balfour, of Burleigh, met his death. It is supposed that one Sir Hugh Cæsar, whose tombstone is shown in Penrith churchyard, lived here; and that he was a giant of the same breed as the

famous Guy of Warwick. No such extraordinary legends are, however, related of him, and his exploits are unchronicled and unsung.

Brougham Hall, the residence of Lord Brougham, hereafter to be, when its noble owner is no more, one of the greatest points of attraction in the Lake district, stands pleasantly on an eminence, about a mile and a half to the south-east of Penrith. It has been called by some the "Windsor of the North"—for what reason it is not easy to imagine. It is a beautiful and imposing pile, having a long front looking westwards, with an embattled parapet, and a terrace extending north and south.

Eamont Bridge is a picturesque object, on passing which the romantic little town of Penrith comes into sight. The latter is no more than a mile distant from the confluence of the Eamont and the Lowther. It contains a population of about 5,400, and is a place of some bustle, being at the junction of the two great roads from the south, to Glasgow and Edinburgh—roads on which those travelling nuisances, the mail coaches, are still to be seen in all their ancient glories; with their smoking teams, their red-coated, saucy coachmen,—their red-coated trumpeted, obsequious, and equally saucy guards, and all the paraphernalia of a mode of travelling that happily bids fair to become obsolete very speedily.

Penrith and the neighbourhood abound in objects

of antiquarian curiosity. In the churchyard there is a monument of great antiquity, called the *Giant's Grave*, consisting of two stone pillars about ten feet high and fifteen feet asunder, and four large semicircular stones, two on each side of the grave, embedded in the earth. The common vulgar report is, that this is the tomb of the same Sir Ewan or Hugh Cæsar, that lived in the cave already alluded to in the rocks of the Eamont. Near this monument there is another antique stone pillar, six feet high, called the *Giant's Thumb*. The Castle is a beautiful object, and stands on the west side of the town. It was probably erected by the Neville family in the time of Richard II. as a defence against Scottish marauders. It was dismantled in the time of the Commonwealth. The Beacon stands on the summit of a hill on the east side of the town, and is a most conspicuous object for miles around Penrith.

There is a fine view from this hill, which no stranger at Penrith should omit to see. To the north, Cross Fell, the Pikes of Dufton, and the range of mountains east and west of Carlisle, are the most conspicuous features of the landscape. To the east, the eye ranges over Stainmore, and the heights of Wildbore Fell. On the south are seen the rich foliage of the woods of Lowther and Brougham, and a considerable extent of level and cultivated country; and to the west is sweet Penrith itself, and the rural

to the distress very often of bumpkins upon the land, and solitary anglers upon the water, until it was laid by some holy priest, and confined in the centre of the rocks. The lake is famous for trout, perch, and skellies.

AIREY BRIDGE.

ULVERSTONE.

CHAPTER V.

The various routes to Furness Abbey.—Lancaster Sands.—Newby Bridge.—Ulverstone.—Conishead Priory.—Gleaston Castle.—Furness Abbey.—The splendour of its Abbots.—Dalton.—Broughton. — The Duddon. — Ulpha. — Leathwaite. — The "Wonderful" Clergyman.

Furness Abbey, Ulverstone, and the whole of that small but beautiful peninsula lying between Morecambe Bay and the mouth of the Duddon, and known as the district of Furness, are rarely allowed to remain unvisited by the tourist to the Lakes. Some start direct to Ulverstone from Lancaster, before proceeding to Ambleside, taking the road over Lancaster Sands. The latter, which are extensive

and in some parts dangerous, are laid two or three feet under water every tide; but when the sea retires, the passage is quite practicable, although the assistance of a guide is not only advisable, but necessary. The view from them is peculiarly grand and striking. Looking southwards we see the point and village of Heysham, with Peel Castle, further away, guarding the entrance of the Bay of Morecambe. Looking to the right hand, are Wharton Crags, already mentioned, Arnside Tower, the ancient residence of the Stanleys, and Silverdale; and, rising in grand confusion, the jagged peaks of the mountains of Westmoreland. As we, however, in our peregrination did not take this route, but proceeded from Ambleside, down Windermere, to Newby Bridge, it is sufficient to mention the fact of its existence; and refer those who may wish to take it to the guide books, for all such particulars as are either essential or interesting. Newby Bridge, at the foot of Windermere, promises but few attractions; and, indeed, this portion of Windermere,—beautiful as it would be considered were there no upper part of the Lake to monopolize the admiration of the traveller,—is seldom praised, and perhaps seldom seen. Yet, though there is little at Newby Bridge to detain the traveller, the man who is determined to be pleased, may find opportunity. From the summit of a wooded hill, which overlooks the Inn, there is a most enchanting view of lovely

Windermere, surrounded by the lordly mountains of Coniston, Langdale, Loughrigg, Nab Scar, Fairfield, Silverhow, and their magnificent compeers. Between Newby Bridge and Ulverstone, a distance of about eight miles, are the villages of Haverthwaite, East Coulton, Egton, and Newland, none of them in any way remarkable. Ulverstone, however, is a place of some importance. Let any one who wishes to see it to advantage ascend a little hill above it. My companion, in a letter, thus described his impressions, — "Tired of the dirty drizzle which had been falling ever since I left Ambleside—tired also of housing myself at Ulverstone, to avoid it, I sauntered listlessly out without any very definite purpose, and mounted the hill. As I reached the summit, the rain ceased, the sun shone out, the clouds dispersed, and what a lovely prospect lay before me. Immediately beneath lay the beautiful old town, which has rather a novel appearance to the stranger from its prevailing red tint, derived from the iron ore for which its neighbourhood is famous. The plain sombre old church-tower, and the slow blue smoke-wreaths 'curling up to the sky' combined to give an aspect of serenity, quietude, and gravity to the town, in admirable keeping with the stedfast and somewhat sombre hills which overlook it. To the northward stretched a rich woodland, from which emerged the distant turrets of Conishead

Priory, and southwards lay Morecambe Bay with its dazzling expanse of waters. The gleaming monotony of the sea was broken by a few sail of fishing craft, and a little wooded island, where the water begins to narrow to the river's mouth, just beyond Leven Sands. On turning round, a very different scene presented itself. Instead of a flat shining horizon, were piled the black fells,—the Alps on Alps, in whose neighbourhood I had been spending so many pleasant days,—huddled in sublime confusion." Ulverstone, the modern capital, as it is called, of the district of Furness, to which dignity it has been promoted in the lieu of Dalton, superannuated, contains a population of about 5000. Its name is vulgarly pronounced Ooston; by some derived from one Ulphus, who governed in the west parts of Deira or Yorkshire, and who is supposed to have extended his conquest over the whole of the Furness district. It is neat and well-built, and situated on the sides of declivities sloping gently towards the south. A very high antiquity is claimed for it; but, the first mention of it is in 1127, when it was conferred, with the manor attached to it, on the abbey of Furness, by King Stephen, the founder of that monastery. It is situated about a mile and a half from the channel of the Leven, with which it is connected by a canal, constructed in 1795, under the direction of Mr. Rennie. Vessels of 400 tons bur-

then can navigate it up to the town, and discharge their cargoes on the extensive wharfs surrounding a capacious basin or dock. Its trade, though not of striking amount, is respectable. There are thirty-three vessels belonging to the port, whose aggregate registry is 2136 tons, and the average number of vessels that clear inwards and outwards is 600, with a tonnage of about 30,000. Its chief manufactures are cotton, linen, check, canvass, sacking, and sail-cloth, and candlewicks; and its exports besides these are principally the iron and copper ores, and slates of the surrounding district. The church dedicated to St. Mary, stands pleasantly on a hill. It was enlarged and nearly rebuilt in 1804, and consists of a nave, chancel, and aisles. The east window represents the four Evangelists and Christ rising from the sepulchre, after Rubens; and the altar piece is the Taking Down from the Cross, after Sir Joshua Reynolds; both of which were presented by the lay Rector, Mr. Braddyll, of Conishead Priory. The town and neighbourhood abound in striking and beautiful views, and one especially from the back of the old workhouse is universally admired. Swarth-moor Hall and Conishead Priory in the immediate vicinity, both merit the attention of the visitor who is not pressed for time. The first was the residence of the celebrated Judge Fell, the great supporter of George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends,

and one of his earliest adherents. After the death of the Judge, his widow married George Fox: but eleven years elapsed between the death of her first husband and her espousal of the second. The Friends have a meeting-house close by, built by George Fox, as testified by an inscription over the door, bearing his initials and the date 1688. There is a road by which the traveller visiting Swarthmoor may proceed to Conishead Priory. The latter with

CONISHEAD PRIORY.

its grounds has obtained from some the title of the "Paradise of Furness." It is a modern and very elegant building erected by Mr. Braddyll on the site of an older mansion, and also of the ancient Priory; and is situated in an extensive and very beautiful park. The pleasure grounds attached, cover about

sixteen acres, including a conservatory, a flower-garden and two others called the Old and New American Gardens; and there are terraces twenty-one feet in width, and eight hundred and fifty-eight in length, extending from the very tasteful and indeed magnificent conservatory, to a rural temple in a secluded portion of the grounds. The house itself is one of those palaces of country gentlemen found in no part of the world but England, and equal or superior to the residences of royalty in many a state of Europe. The entrance hall, occupying the site of the north transept of the monkish Priory, is a noble apartment, sixty-one feet long, twenty-three wide, and forty high. It is illumined by painted windows of much beauty. The "Great Window," consisting of four divisions, contains the effigies of various mighty potentates of Furness, Lancaster, and the Isle of Man, who gained, after their death, the good word and the prayers of the Monks by their benefactions to the Priory. The Hall contains various suits of "complete steel." On the wall opposite the entrance, is a suit of plated armour, of the time of Henry the Seventh, and on the left-hand side on going in, is a suit of splint armour of a Knight of Edward the Fourth. All the other suits are of the sixteenth century, and combine with the dim religious hue of the painted glass, the gothic style of the architecture, and all the

accessories and the vague traditionary interest of the site, to form a mingled but very pleasing picture of baronial and ecclesiastical grandeur. The cloisters in the latter respect give a still more decided colouring to it; but even here, the baronial obtrudes itself, in the shape of the black armour stuck against the walls. These cloisters, which are on the site of the real *bona fide* cloisters from which they derive their name, character, and appearance, are one hundred and seventy-seven feet long, nineteen and a quarter wide, and seventeen and a quarter high, and are of purely gothic architecture. The more modern looking apartments of the interior are fitted up in a style of luxurious elegance, and contain some fine pictures: amongst which, those in the North Drawing-room are the most celebrated. Here there are to be found a "Descent from the Cross," by Caracci; the Death of Saint Sebastian, by Simon Vouet; a Saint Cecilia, by Domenichino; and a female portrait, by Sebastian del Piombo; besides an interior and figures, by Mieris; and a charming landscape and figures, by Wouvermans. The Morning Room contains two fine Guidos —one of our Saviour, and the other the Virgin Mary; and two portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds —one of Colonel Braddyll, when nine years old, and one of King George the Fourth, in his youth, presented by him to the Colonel as a token of his regard.

From Conishead there is a road leading by the

side of the Leven Sands to Birkrigg, a hill from the top of which the most extensive view in the whole district of Low Furness is to be obtained. To the west may be seen, looming over the blue sea, the Isle of Man; from the north-west round to the east, the peaks and crests—still presenting the same appearance of sublime confusion—of the mountains of Black-comb, Scawfell, Coniston Old Man, Helvellyn, Fair-field, Hill Bell, and a long range of nameless elevations as far as Ingleborough, in Yorkshire. From the east, southwards, the view includes the whole ex-panse of Morecambe Bay, and the Lancashire coast, almost as far as Liverpool, and to the south-west the distant and hazy outline of North Wales; crowned in fine weather, by the towering sublimity of Snowdon himself. From this point to Furness Abbey, by way of Aldringham, Gleaston, and Dendron, is also a short and pleasant excursion, through a country abounding with beauties, to him who loves nature in all her forms, and who, when she is not magnificent enough to prompt his wonder never fails to find her beautiful enough to excite his admiration. At Gleaston are the ruins of a castle which struck our artist's fancy as it did ours. It is said that every old castle has an old story connected with it, could you but find it out; and that, more-over, such old story is always a love story, and always a doleful story, and consequently always

GLEASTON CASTLE.

worth the telling. Gleaston is doubtless no exception to the rule, though its legend must by us remain untold, for the satisfactory reason that we could not discover either from books or personal enquiry that it had one. It is therefore left for the next traveller to those regions, upon a "book intent," to find or make one. It is believed to have been built by the lords of Aldringham, in consequence of the lower portion of the coast, in which they originally resided, having been swept away by the sea. The precise date of its erection is not known. It was formerly the property of the Duke of Suffolk, father of Lady Jane Grey.

From Gleaston Castle, to Gleaston and Dendron, to Furness Abbey, is about five miles. Furness Abbey somewhat disappointed me. I know many

ruins that have not excited a tithe of the admiration, or caused a tithe of the noise in the world, that are much finer; and though it is doubtless a disadvantage to go to any celebrated place with the expectation over-raised, I cannot say that this was my case with Furness Abbey. The country around is moreover of no great beauty; and the railway somewhat spoils the picturesqueness of the effect by being brought under the very walls of the abbey—which has itself had a very narrow escape of being run over, and dislocated in all its limbs and joints by it. The only access to the abbey is also unfavourable for disposing the tourist to a proper frame of mind for admiring it, being along a narrow, dirty, deep-rutted lane. Still, however, it is a most interesting spot, to one who knows anything whatever of its history; and by sunlight or moonlight, a picturesque ruin. I was not aware at the time I was there, noting in my own mind the strange effect of the junction of the modern railway and this ancient ruin—the "navvie" of the nineteenth century, sitting down to his open-air dinner under the ivy that covered the ruins of centuries gone by;—that the presiding spirit of the Lake District had been there but a few weeks previously, and had recorded his impressions of the same scene in a sonnet. It was with much interest that I afterwards read in the collected edition of the works of the Bard of Rydal, the following, under the title,

"At Furness Abbey," and date of the 21st of June, 1845,

> Well have yon railway labourers to THIS ground,
> Withdrawn for noontide rest. They sit, they walk
> Among the ruins, but no idle talk
> Is heard: to grave demeanour all are bound:
> And from one voice a hymn with tuneful sound
> Hallows once more the long deserted quire,
> And thrills the old sepulchral earth around.
> Others look up, and with fixed eyes admire
> That wide-spanned arch, wondering how it was raised
> To keep so high in air its strength and grace.
> All seem to feel the spirit of the place
> And by the general reverence God is praised;
> Profane despoilers! stand ye not reproved
> While thus these simple-hearted men are moved?"

In giving a few of the most prominent points in the history of this venerable ruin, it will not be necessary to go (with Mr. Francis Evans, the author of a very valuable work called "Furness and Furness Abbey,") quite so far back as the Creation; or to the "dark and backward abysses of Time (we are quoting Mr. Evans), when Fancy imagines she beholds Furness lying for several centuries a wild solitude, having its hills and plains overspread with wood, its valleys *peopled* with *lakes and rivers* (*sic in orig.*); its forests inhabited by beasts of prey; and its air crowded by birds of various plumes, but without any human eye to contemplate its picturesque scenes!" No, we

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FURNESS ABBEY.

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shall leave the curious in its very early history to consult our erudite author, where he will find a vast variety of conjectures about the *Istaniaid*, and the *Voelantiaid*, and the other aborigines of the classic ground of Furness, and begin our sketch with the foundation of the abbey by Stephen, King of England, —then Earl of Mortaigne and Boulogne—in the year 1127. The word Furness is written Fruderness in the Domesday Book; and at a later period was formed into Futherness. Fruder, or Futher, is conjectured by Dr. Whitaker to have been a personal name—probably, he says, that of the first Saxon proprietor or planter of the district; and Ness, a promontory. No etymologist seems to have hinted its derivation from Further or Further Ness—the further promontory, which, to an inhabitant of Cartmel or Lancaster, would have been a very correct designation of it. Leaving that point, however, let us return to the abbey itself. A religious house was originally established at Amounderness in 1124, which was transferred in 1127 to Furness—described as in the vale of Beckansgill, or the valley of Deadly Night Shade. Stephen endowed the abbey richly. The abbot was lord paramount, and feudal baron of the whole district of Furness. All the people were his vassals, and all the mesne lords did him homage and fealty, "to be true to him against all men excepting the king. Every mesne lord obeyed the

summons of the abbot or his steward, in raising his quota of armed men; and every tenant of a whole tenement furnished a man and horse of war for guarding the coasts, for the border service, or for an expedition against the common enemy of the king and kingdom." The lordship of the abbot extended over the whole peninsula, with the Isle of Foulney, the Pile of Fouldrey, and the Isle of Walney adjoining.. It commenced on the north at the Shire Stones, or Wrynose, and descended by Elterwater to Windermere, and by the outlet of the lake at Newby Bridge by the course of the Leven, and over Leven Sands into the sea. To the north-east it took the line of Duddon Mouth, and the river Duddon, which it ascended, and so on to Wrynose again, its point of departure. The abbot's power over this region was absolute. From the time of King Stephen until the dissolution of the religious houses, a period of upwards of four hundred years, despot succeeded to despot in this little remote principality. The abbot was not only the high priest, but the baron, judge, captain, and coroner, of the district. He and all his monks were free of all dues, taxes, tolls, amerciaments, levies, tallages, and pontages. He issued summonses and attachments by his own bailiffs. He had the return of all writs, and the sheriff of any neighbouring county, or any county whatever, was prohibited, by himself, or by his officers, from entering this

privileged ground upon any pretext of office whatever; and no man was to presume to disturb or molest the holy baron, or any of his tenants, under penalty of ten pounds to the king, besides such penalties as the abbot himself might think it proper to wrest from him. The dress of the monks was a white cassock, with a cowl and scapulary of the same. Their legion, shortly prior to the dissolution, consisted of four divisions; first, of bowmen, horsed and harnessed; second, of billmen, horsed and harnessed; third, of bowmen on foot; and fourth, of billmen on foot. A large company of them fought under the conduct of Sir Edward Stanley, against the Scotch, at the disastrous battle, for Scotland, of Flodden Field, as we learn from a line of choice alliteration in the ancient ballad.

"From Bowland, billmen bold were boun,
With such as Bottom Banks did hide;
From Wharemore up to Whittington,
And all to Wenning water side:

From Silverdale to Kent-sand side,
Whose soil is sown with cockle shells,
From Cartmil ake, and Conisde
With fellows fierce from Furness fells."

The abbots of Furness, being very wealthy, exercised great hospitality; but little is recorded of their doings, either in war or peace. There is said to be

no complete list of the persons who held that dignity, in consequence of a singular custom of inserting in the register, called the Abbot's Mortuary, the names of those only, who having held the office ten years, held it at the time of their death; so that all those abbots who had not reigned for ten years, or who having reigned longer had been translated, are not entered. It thus happened, that for the long period of two hundred and seventy years, the names of only ten abbots appear on the list. The rents of the abbey, according to a manuscript in the Manchester Library, amounted in the 31st and 32nd of Edward I. to no less than 1599*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.*; but they are stated as amounting to no more than 946*l.* 2*s.* 10*d.* in the 26th of Henry VIII., two years before the dissolution. The last, and said to be the 31st, abbot in succession, was Roger Pyle. The charges against him and his monks were, that they had raised rebellion against the king; that the abbot had uttered falsehoods at the time of his visitation; that he had caused his monks to be forsworn; that he had concealed the treason of one Henry Salley, a monk, who had said that no SECULAR KNAVE should be head of the church; and of another who had said that the king was not the true king, or the right heir to the crown. Upon these accusations, two of the monks of Furness were committed to Lancaster Castle by the Earl of Sussex; and the abbot having been taken

into custody, was prevailed upon to sign a proposal for the "voluntary" surrender of the abbey, which he did at Whalley, on the 5th of April, 1537. Henry provided for the abbot, the prior, and the twenty-eight monks who signed this document, although, it must be confessed, not very liberally. The abbot was made rector of Dalton, with a yearly revenue of 33*l.*; and the sum of 150*l.* per annum, or thereabouts, was charged upon the revenues of the lordship, for the support of the other twenty-nine. The site, and immediate grounds of the abbey, were shortly afterwards sold to Thomas Preston, of Preston Patrick and Levens, Esq., from whom they descended, through various hands, to the Earl of Burlington, the present proprietor.

From that time to the present, says Mr. Evans, in his history, "the abbey itself—not merely abandoned, and never favoured with timely repairs, but even despoiled of whatever was valuable, and often rudely mangled, in order that anything in its structure, which happened to be coveted, might be obtained—rapidly sank into a state of dilapidation. From year to year, the hand of decay, assisted sometimes by the hand of demolition, has been busy at work. Stone after stone has crumbled down. Roof after roof, and arch after arch, have fallen in. Pillars after pillars have given way and disappeared. Some of its materials have been carried away, to

form or to decorate meaner buildings; and others lie deep buried in the earth. Even the portions of it that still remain, to fill the mind of the spectator with feelings of veneration and awe, are subject to incessant devastations, and hasten to commingle with the dust." Ere we take leave of the venerable and ill used abbey, let us once more hear the voice of Wordsworth.

AT FURNESS ABBEY.

Here, where of Havoc tired and rash undoing,
Man left this structure to become Time's prey,
A soothing spirit follows in the way
That Nature takes, her counter-work pursuing.
See how her ivy clasps the sacred ruin
Fall to prevent, or beautify decay,
And on the mouldered walls, how bright, how gay
The flowers in pearly dew their bloom renewing.
Thanks to the place, blessings upon the hour,
Even as I speak the rising Sun's first smile,
Gleams on the grass-crowned top of yon tall tower,
Whose cawing occupants with joy proclaim
Prescriptive title to the shattered pile,
Where Cavendish *thine* seems nothing but a name.

The hint thus conveyed, has, it is believed, been taken. The present Earl of Burlington has manifested more regard for the preservation of this relic than his predecessor;—and has made arrangements by which the lovers of antiquity and of the picturesque, can see it to greater advantage, and with more personal comfort, than they could when this sonnet was written.

FURNESS CHAPEL.

At the distance of a mile and a half north from the ruins, in an inland direction, is Dalton, the ancient capital of Furness — the city, as it were, of the Abbots, where their vassals held a free market. It consists of but one street; and has a quaint, picturesque, and feudal appearance, with its spacious market-place and cross; and old square tower, looking down upon it as solemn as an aged knight in full armour, might be supposed to look, if he revisited the glimpses of the moon in the year 1846. In this castle, or keep, are still held the Courts of the Liberty and Manor of Furness, of which, the Duke of Buccleugh and Lord Beaulieu, are the lords. This little town

was visited in the year 1631, by a plague, which carried off 360 of its inhabitants. The infection, if the ancient tradition is to be believed, was introduced in a bale of ribbons from the island of Walney, where the disease was then raging:—and, according to the same authority, so impaired all business in the town, that it never recovered its former prosperity; but was gradually eclipsed in power and splendour by its rival, Ulverstone.

From Dalton to Broughton, is the next stage on the return to Ambleside, by another route from that by which we came. The distance between Dalton and Broughton is about ten miles, along a road interesting and picturesque enough at high water, but the very reverse when the tide is out, the Duddon Sands being in sight nearly the whole way. It is true that the course of the stream may be distinctly traced through the sands, and that the poet of the district has described the scene as beautiful, in these lines,—

Now expands
Majestic Duddon, over smooth flat sands
Gliding in silence with unfettered sweep;
Beneath an ample sky, a region wide
Is opened round him; hamlets, towers, and towns
And blue-topped hills behold him from afar;
In stately mien to sovereign Thames allied,
Spreading his bosom under Kentish downs,
With Commerce freighted, or triumphant war.

But it is equally true that most travellers will think the description somewhat over-coloured, especially at those times of the tide, when "the smooth flat sands," form a feature in the landscape. But from Broughton upwards to its source, or Wrynose Fells, the Duddon is beautiful exceedingly, and merits all the praises which the poet has lavished upon it, in the series of sonnets which he has devoted to a description of its charms. Broughton is built on the southern declivity of a short ascent or slope, which is surmounted by Broughton Tower, the residence of Mr. Sawrey. The town is small and uninteresting, the most important portion of it being included in a square of neat stone houses, roofed with slate, in the midst of which is an obelisk to the memory of a gentleman with the renowned name of John Gilpin, who it appears generously gave the ground for the formation of the area. From Broughton to Seathwaite the course of the Duddon is one of the most interesting rambles in the lake district. The vale upon which the traveller who would explore the beauties of this beautiful mountain stream now enters, is called Dunnersdale. If the river bed be not too full of water, and if the tourist have good limbs, and be fond of adventure, and of a varied succession of striking and romantic scenery, let him strike off from the high road, as soon after leaving Broughton as he can make it convenient, and proceed to Ulpha, tracing the stream in its very bed. He

will find the task, though difficult, quite practicable; and every difficulty surmounted will display a new beauty to reward him for his toil. The account of the exploration of one mountain-stream in this rough but most agreeable method, will suffice with little or no change for that of another, and therefore it will not be necessary here to repeat a description which would not materially differ from that of Stockgill Force in a previous chapter. The Duddon, however, is a more powerful and imposing stream, and runs a longer course; consequently it offers a greater succession of scenery, but the character is the same upon a larger scale. Quiet and dull, from Broughton to the sea; it is noisy and delightful from Broughton to its source upon the heights of Wrynose; or, as Mr. Wordsworth beautifully pourtrays it in his twentieth sonnet in its praise:

The old inventive poets, had they seen
Or rather felt the entrancement that detains
Thy waters, Duddon, 'mid these flowery plains,
The still repose, the liquid lapse serene
Transferred to bowers imperishably green,
Had beautified Elysium; but these chains
Will soon be broken:—a rough course remains
Rough as the past: where thou, of placid mien,
Innocuous as a firstling of the flock,
And countenanced like a soft cerulean sky
Shalt change thy temper, and with many a shock,
Given and received in mutual jeopardy,
Dance like a Bacchanal from rock to rock,
Tossing her frantic thyrsus wide and high.

The first halting place upon Duddon banks will be Ulpha, pronounced Oopha, situated, with its lonely Kirk, upon an eminence, and commanding a fine view. It is dear to all the admirers of Wordsworth's poetry, for the opening lines of his thirty-first sonnet upon the Duddon:

> The Kirk of Ulpha to the Pilgrim's eye,
> Is welcome as a star that doth present
> Its shining forehead through the peaceful rent
> Of a dark cloud diffused through half the sky.

But were the tourist tracing this river upwards, to recite all the fine things the poet has said of it, he would have to repeat the whole series of these sonnets. The tourist may and ought to do so, if he wishes to add greatly to his own enjoyment of the scenery; but as it would be an infringement of the laws of copyright to repeat them all in print, we must content ourselves with referring him to Mr. Moxon, who will yet we hope be induced to favour the reading public with a pocket edition of the Bard of Rydal.

Seathwaite is recommended as a halting place, for at least a couple of days, to the admirer of scenery, who is master of his own time. The mill and the little stream which here joins the Duddon, are described in glowing language in the notes to Mr. Wordsworth's sonnets. The place is not only remarkable for its extreme beauty and seclusion, but for the his-

tory of its famous clergyman, Robert Walker; or, as the guide books call him, "the wonderful clergyman." There is a very full account of him in the notes already alluded to. He was born in 1709, at a place called Under Crag, in the valley of Seathwaite. He became curate of Seathwaite, in his twenty-sixth year, and continued curate until the day of his death, when he had attained the great age of ninety-three. His curacy was of the yearly value of 5*l.* only! and he had no fortune whatever. He married a wife in his twenty-seventh year, who brought him a "fortune" of forty pounds; and in due time a family of twelve children, of whom eight survived. The wonder of his history is, that he educated all his children respectably, made one of them a clergyman; was hospitable to all, and generous to his poorer neighbours; and at his death left a sum of 2000*l.* behind him. It is true the income of his curacy was by degrees increased to 50*l.* per annum; but as this would not account for the accumulation of such a sum, we are led to inquire how he could have managed it, with so many claims upon him, and all so well attended to. It appears that he was as expert at various trades as Robinson Crusoe himself. He spun with his own hands all the wool needed for the clothes of himself, his wife, and his family; and while spinning taught the children of his parishioners spelling and reading. He assisted, *for hire*,

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in haymaking and sheep-shearing: and for hire, acted as clerk and scrivener to the simple people, who were not initiated in the sublime mysteries of the pen. He had moreover a couple of acres of land, which he cultivated by his own labour, and that of his sons; kept and bred cattle; and, though Mr. Wordsworth says nothing of this part of the story, brewed ale, and sold it for two-pence a quart, if drunk in the adjoining field, and for four-pence if drunk in the parsonage.* The wonder very sensibly diminishes when we learn these facts; as, in a similar manner, did that of the inquirer into the history of St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, which was built by a poet. The wonder in this case was, that a poet could have possessed money enough to erect a church; but when it was explained that he was a *lawyer* as well as a poet, there was no wonder in the business. The fortune of the poor curate would have been equally marvellous; but the profits upon the ale and the other *et ceteras,* make the story intelligible.

In the church-yard of Seathwaite, under a fine old yew tree, this singular character and his wife are buried. They both lived to the same age, ninety-three, as is testified by the grave-stone, a plain blue slab. It states that he died on the 25th of June, 1802, in the

* See Rambles by Rivers, by James Thorne, in Knight's Weekly Volumes, p. 24 and 25.

ninety-third year of his age, and the sixty-seventh of his curacy; and that Anne his wife died on the 28th of January, in the same year, also aged 93. This patriarch's pew is still preserved in the church as he left it, lined with cloth woven by his own hand; the only pew in the rude and simple edifice that is distinguished by any mark of superior comfort from its fellows, It was his boast, during his life, that there "was not one dissenter in his parish," a boast, which, were he still living, he would not be able to make.

From Seathwaite, the tourist who feels no inclination to trace the Duddon to its source, and for the few miles that it bears the harsh name of Cockley Beck, can strike across a mountain road to Coniston Lake; and so by Hawkshead to Ambleside. The road is steep and difficult over Walna Scar, and is available only to the pedestrian.

DUNMAILE RAISE.

CHAPTER VI.

From Ambleside to Keswick.—Dunmaile Raise.—Thirlemere.—Borrodale Fells.—Helvellyn.—The vale of St. John's.—King Arthur and the Fairies.—Error of Sir Walter Scott.—Saddleback *not* Glaramara.—Approach to Keswick.—The Greta.—Reminiscences of Southey.

From Ambleside to Keswick is a very beautiful ride, of which the first few miles have been already described in the account of Rydal Water and Mount, and the vale of Grasmere. Beyond Grasmere the road ascends considerably towards Dunmaile Raise, having the lofty and imposing form of Helm Crag,

with the "ancient woman" in the front on the left-hand. Dunmaile Raise is situated between Steel Fell on the West and Seat Sandal on the East; and at the highest point of the road, which is 720 feet above the sea level, there is a "cairn," a pile of stones, which is generally believed to have been raised in the year 945, by the Anglo-Saxon King, Edmund, after the defeat and death on this spot of Dunmaile, the British King of Cumbria. Tradition rather than history records that the victor seized the son of the defeated monarch, and put out his eyes before his father's face, and then put them both to death. The kingdom of Cumbria was afterwards given to Malcolm, King of Scotland, to hold in fealty. A wall which is said to divide the counties of Westmorland and Cumberland is built through the cairn; but the small stream on the right of the Raise is more generally considered as the boundary line. From this height it is a mile and a quarter to the inn at Wythburn; a place from which travellers who desire to ascend Helvellyn without making the excursion into Patterdale and Ulleswater most commonly start. The inn is about a mile from Wythburn Water,—a small but beautiful lake, known also by several other names: viz. Leathes Water, Thirlemere, and Brackmere. It is three miles in length, and rarely exceeds a quarter of a mile in breadth, and is the highest lake in Cumberland.

HELVELLYN.

Pedestrians who would see Thirlemere and Helvellyn at the most favourable point of view, must cross the fields to a place called City, at the head of the Lake; after passing this primitive village, containing about half a dozen houses, the road leads through a narrow lane, and by a wild Cliff to the left, called Bull Crags, from whence a view of Helvellyn is seen rearing its lordly head at the other side of the Lake, the road running along its base. Thirlemere is fed principally by two streams, the one rising in Wythburn Head; the other, issuing out of Harrop Tarn, a marshy water of considerable size, situated high above the western side of the valley. From Wythburn Chapel the carriage road winds by the base of Helvellyn and the margin of the lake; which latter

LEATHES WATER.

it afterwards leaves by a very steep ascent, exhibiting in all their grandeur the Fells of Borrowdale. Arrived at the top, a very exquisite landscape is seen below; extending over the vale of Legberthwaite; or more euphoniously and modernly, the vale of St. John's. This beautiful valley is a classic spot — being the scene in which Sir Walter Scott's poem of the Bridal of Triermain is laid. It is a narrow vale hemmed in by high mountains, through which a small stream, the overflow of Thirlemere, makes many meanderings. Overlooking it is the fantastic pile of rocks, resembling a castle, which Sir Walter represents as the scene of king Arthur's amorous dalliance with the Fairies, when he was on his way to Carlisle.

Paled in by many a lofty hill,
The narrow dale lay smooth and still
And down its verdant bosom led,
A winding brooklet found its bed.
But mid-most of the vale, a mound
Arose, with airy turrets crowned,
Buttress and ramparts circling bound
And mighty keep and tower,
Seemed some primeval giant's hand
The Castle's massive walls had planned;—
A ponderous bulwark.—

In Hutchinson's Excursion to the Lakes, a prose description, and a much more intelligible one, is given of the appearance of these rocks, and of the superstition attached to them. The inhabitants to this day believe them to be an antediluvian structure, and assert that the traveller, whose curiosity is aroused, will find it vain to approach them; as the guardian genii of the place transforms the walls and battlements into naked rocks when any one draws too near. An error made by Sir Walter Scott in his description of the scenery, it may be as well to correct. At the commencement of Lyulph's tale, he says

King Arthur has ridden from merry Carlisle,
When Pentecost was o'er,
He journey'd like errant knight the while
And sweetly the summer sun did smile
On mountain, moss, and moor.
Above his solitary track
Rose *Glaramara's* ridgy back:—

In a note to this passage, he adds, that the huge mountain, Saddleback, is more poetically called *Glaramara*. This is not the fact. The poetical or ancient name of Saddleback is *Blencathra*, and Glaramara is another mountain altogether.

VALE OF ST. JOHN'S, AND SADDLEBACK.

From the vale of St. John's the descent to Keswick is most magnificent: Skiddaw and Blencathra and Helvellyn are visible in all their grandeur, and the inferior hills—inferior in size, but not in beauty—rear their heads in varied shapes around, and form a panorama of surpassing splendour. At Castle Rigg Brow, the glancing waters of the Lake of Bassenthwaite are seen beyond Keswick, and its lovely valley, lovelier, to my idea, than any other scene in the whole

of the lake district, not excepting even the view from Orrest Head, which every traveller feels himself bound to admire. For three or four miles before arriving at Keswick, the landscape changes its aspect at every turn;—and at every turn unfolds a succession of charms; and he who loves natural beauty with the true enthusiasm, becomes too enraptured with the aggregate to think of asking the names of its component parts, or noting down what this hill may be to the right—and what this to the left—or what may be the name of the chain of mountains that define their peaks against the blue sky in the distance. The vale of Keswick stretches nearly north and south, from the head of Derwentwater to the foot of Bassenthwaite; with the river Greta and Thirlemere or Leathes Water on the west, and with the vale of Newlands on the east. Keswick itself is a small neat town, close to the foot of Derwentwater, and next to Ambleside is the most convenient starting point and home of the tourist who desires to view at his leisure the beauties of this beautiful land.* The

* No traveller to the Lake district should omit paying a visit to a curiosity of art to be seen in Keswick;—Mr. Flintoff's beautiful model of the whole country;—

The horizontal and vertical scale of the Model is three inches to a mile; in length, from Sebergham to Rampside, 51 miles, or 12 feet 9 inches; breadth, from Shap to Egremont, 37 miles, or 9 feet 3 inches; circumference, exclusive of sea, 176 miles. The coast is shewn two-fifths of the distance, presenting the Bays of

whole place now is, and ever will be, sacred to the memory of Robert Southey. It was, to use his own words, in an Epistle to Allan Cunningham,

> The dwelling-place
> Where he had passed the whole mid stage of life
> Not idly, certes—not unworthily.—

And immediately on descending from the coach my companion and myself, having seen our small luggage safely housed, and having inquired the way from our host of the Royal Oak, proceeded to view Greta Hall, where he had lived and died. The walk was not a long one. It led us through the High-street of the town, and over the bridge of the Greta, a small stream formed by the juncture of two smaller streams, rejoicing in the sonorous names of the Glenderamaken

Morecambe, Duddon, and Ravenglass. The inspector has before him the whole chain of mountains in the Lake district, in three principal groups — the Scawfell, the Helvellyn, and the Skiddaw group, with their numerous interesting valleys, spotted with sixteen large lakes. On the uplands are seen fifty-two small ones, principally high in the mountain recesses, surrounded by contorted and precipitous rocks. On this Model are marked the towns of Kendal, Ambleside, Ulverston, Bootle, Broughton, Cockermouth, Keswick, Penrith, and Shap. The face of the whole is coloured to nature, with the exception of the churches, which are coloured red. The plantations are raised, and coloured dark green; the rivers, lakes, and sea, light blue; roads light brown; and the houses white, as they usually appear.

KESWICK AND GRETA BRIDGE.

and the Glenderaterra. The house, which we soon came in sight of, is named from the river, Greta Hall, and is situated on a gentle eminence, at a considerable distance from the road. The entrance is a rustic wicket gate—on opening which we found ourselves in a narrow avenue of trees, at the extremity of which we saw the house. We walked up to it leisurely, devising, as we went, how we should procure admission, and whether we should content ourselves with an outside view of a place so celebrated. On arriving at the door we found neither bell nor knocker. Some of the shutters were shut, and all were newly painted; and on looking through one of

the windows, we saw a newly painted and papered room without furniture, and as if it had been but a moment before evacuated by painters and carpenters. This gave us hope that we could procure admission without disturbing any one, or appearing guilty of intrusiveness or incivility, of which there would have been some risk if the house had been inhabited. As, however, we were not certain that there was any one inside, all our efforts to procure admission by knocking with our hands on the door and windows having failed, we walked through the garden at the back of the house;—reflecting reverently that we stood on hallowed ground.

The reflection was mournful. The garden was neglected; it showed that he—and she also, the amiable hostess who had loved to tend it, had departed. It was uncropped, and going into the rank luxuriance of weeds, and showed at every turn the want of the hand of its former mistress. In the midst of our stroll amid its deserted walks, we saw a workman with a key in his hand coming up the avenue, and, proceeding to meet him, we asked whether we could procure admission. He replied in the affirmative, and offered to conduct us over the house, which he informed us was to be let. As he seemed to think that we had come on business, and had a desire of looking at the house for the purpose

of hiring it, we undeceived him in this particular, and told him that curiosity alone, and respect for the memory of its late illustrious occupant, had induced us to trouble him. The man was intelligent, and very obliging; and though but a journeyman painter, seemed as fully impressed as we were, with the greatness of the claim that Robert Southey had upon the affectionate reverence of posterity. He told us that very many persons visited the house solely on this account, and that there was, he thought, scarcely a tourist to the Lake districts who did not make a point of coming into the garden at least, though most of them lacked courage to demand admission into the house. The garden, he said, had suffered severely, from the reverence of travellers—and the ladies, especially, carried away flowers and leaves of shrubs to preserve as mementos; so that he feared, if the house were not let in a year or two, there would not be a shrub or a flower left. This worthy fellow led us over the building, which was large and commodious, showed us the kitchen, the wine-cellar, the dining-room, the drawing-room, and the study; each of which recalled painfully to our minds—at least they did so to mine—the bodily absence of one whose spirit yet spoke to mankind, and exerted an influence upon their thoughts. The room that had been the library was especially painful to

reflect upon. The marks on the walls where the shelves had been fitted were still uneffaced by the painter's brush; but the beloved books which it had been the pleasure of his life to collect, were all dispersed; and not one, or a shred of one, was left behind, of the many thousands that had formerly made the spot a living temple of literature. It would have been worth preserving these for Keswick; and I thought, and still think, that if the town had been rich enough to make the purchase of the whole property, it would have conferred upon itself, not only honour, but advantage. We were afterwards led into several smaller apartments, and, among others, into a room of a very peculiar shape—a long, narrow parallelogram, with a door in one corner, and a solitary window looking into the garden at the other, and allowing, from the thickness of the foliage outside, but little light to penetrate into the interior. I asked for what purpose this room had been used, and was told that it had been a bed-room. "He died there—exactly where you are standing," said the painter. I felt my cheeks tingle as he spoke. I drew back involuntarily from the spot, with a feeling of awe; and as involuntarily, for I did not know or think at the time what I was doing, took off my hat. I saw my companion doing the same. The painter, moved by our example, took off his paper-cap; and

so we all stood for some minutes; with a reverence which I am quite sure was sincere on the part of myself and my friend; and which I verily believe the painter, at the moment, felt as much as we did.

SOUTHEY'S HOUSE.

DERWENTWATER.

CHAPTER VII.

The "Guides and Mineralogists" of Keswick.—Derwentwater; its Islands, and poetical associations.—The Lady's Rake.—The Falls of Lodore.—The Boulder Stone.—Glaramara.—Castle Crag.—Excursion to Borrodale.—The Yews.—Sty-head.—Scawfell.

We returned to the inn in time for dinner, and found about half a dozen professional guides at the door awaiting our arrival, who all thrust their cards into our hands, and made profuse offers of their services, either to ascend Skiddaw with us, or show us Lodore and all the beauties of Derwentwater. Without making a bargain with any of them—for we were undecided as to our movements—we escaped from their clutches with as much expedition and dexterity as possible; and amused ourselves, while the trout for our dinner was preparing, by comparing with one another the printed professions of the rival

guides. One called himself "guide and boatman;" and informed ladies and gentlemen visiting the lakes, mountains, &c., "that he still continued to act in those capacities;" and that he flattered himself, from the knowledge he had of the country, to be able to conduct them by the most pleasing routes through the lake district;—that he had neat pleasure-boats to let for hire; that he attended and assisted the angler upon his excursions on the lakes; and supplied parties with fishing-tackle, if desired; concluding his announcement by adding that he kept "an assortment of the best black-lead pencils for sale." This at first sight seemed as if the tourists in this part of the country were more than usually addicted to "taking notes" of what they saw; but the advertisement was afterwards made more comprehensible by recollection of the fact that black-lead pencils were one of the staple manufactures of the place. Another guide and boatman, who also knew the district better than any competitor, kept fishing-tackle, and attended anglers, and represented himself as being endowed with the additional knowledge of "minerals;" and so styled himself, "guide, boatman, and mineralogist." Among his other qualifications, duly announced in a postcript, was the fact that he lived near the Royal Oak, from which he had been a guide for the last thirty-two years; and that when requested he took a gun with him upon the lake, and

fired it off from a place where the echo from the surrounding rocks and woods had a very fine effect. What his extra demand for the gun was I could not ascertain: my companion said no doubt he had "a *charge* for it."

As the weather next morning was cloudy and threatened rain, we were for some time undecided what course to pursue. We finally determined to send for a guide and boatman; and be rowed down the lake to the celebrated waterfall of Lodore, if the weather gave any signs during the morning of a more propitious day. When the guide made his appearance, he asked a sum that appeared exorbitant, which we should nevertheless in all probability have given him, if there had been any chance of sunshine when we got upon the bosom of Derwentwater. The very reverse of this seemed likely; and as we were bargaining, it began to rain, and soon after it came down in torrents. The boatman, however, seemed to think that we ought to have gone in spite of the wet; and retired in a humour that did not seem the pleasantest in the world. When the sky cleared, in less than an hour afterwards, we determined to walk by the shore of the lake to Lodore, being informed that it was not much above five miles, and that the road afforded finer views of the scenery than could be obtained from the lake. We started accordingly, and meeting our guide, inquired the nearest way. We thought,

from the leer with which he replied, and the sly look that he gave to his companions, that he was misdirecting us. Nevertheless we walked on for about a mile, when, meeting a man coming in the opposite direction, we inquired of him, and learned that our suspicions were correct, and that if we had continued as directed, we should have found ourselves at the end of two hours back again at Keswick, without having seen Lodore at all. He kindly put us in the right way, accompanying us himself for a considerable distance. We learned from him that he was an auctioneer in Keswick, and that he had sold Southey's household goods a few months before. He said that the articles all fetched high prices, and that his walking-stick was sold for fifty-five shillings. He much regretted, of course, that he had not had the selling of his goods, which he thought would have fetched double the price in Keswick that they had brought at London. On leaving us he put his card into our hands, from which we learned that his name was Joseph Brown, and that he was not only an auctioneer, but a guide, boatman, and mineralogist, and dealer in black-lead pencils. As he did not lead us astray, like his compeers, and was an intelligent and obliging man, and spoke with indignation of the rapacity of some of the most pertinacious of the guides that swarm about the place, his name is here given for the advantage of all whom it may concern.

We soon found ourselves on the shores of Derwentwater. This beautiful lake — dear to the remembrance of all who have ever perused the "Pleasures of Memory," is three miles in length, and a mile and a half in its greatest breadth. It is surrounded by mountains and crags, in which the soul of Salvator Rosa would have found delight; and contains several small but picturesque, and richly-wooded islands, amongst which are Lord's Island, St. Herbert's Island, Vicar's Island, and Ramp Holme. Lord's Island, covered with plantations, is the largest; and is so named from its being the stronghold in former days of the Radcliffes, Earls of Derwentwater, whose estates were forfeited after the rebellion of 1715. On St. Herbert's Island are the remains of a hermitage, said to have been fixed here by St. Herbert, the contemporary and friend of St. Cuthbert of Durham, in the seventh century;—two saints of whose history but little is known. The reader will remember the lines of Mr. Rogers, in which he describes Florio and Julia sailing on Derwentwater.

> Down by St. Herbert's consecrated grove,
> Whence erst the chanted hymn, the tapered rite,
> Aroused the fisher's solitary night.

A floating island is also to be seen sometimes on Derwentwater, and is said to have made its last ap-

pearance in the summer of 1842. It never remains long above the surface. The phenomenon—which, from the rarity of its occurrence, few tourists have a chance of witnessing, is generally attributed to the agglomeration of decaying vegetable matter; which is buoyed up by the plentiful generation of gases. In 1842, when the mass was pierced with a boat-hook, carburetted hydrogen and azote issued in abundance.

The weather was not propitious to us; for when we were half-way to Lodore, the sky was again obscured—the mountain tops were veiled in mist, and a thick drizzling rain began to fall. We would not, however, turn back, having proceeded so far, but pushed on to the little inn, where we expected to be able to dry and refresh ourselves. Glaramara, and his "azure compeers in Borrodale," were hidden from our sight, and we were too anxious to reach Lodore, to stay at Barrow, where, as we learned from a travelling packman whom we met, there was also a cascade, much admired by visitors to the Lakes. We saw, however, the imposing front of Wallow Crag, and the deep cleft in its face, which bears the name of the *Lady's Rake*, from the circumstance, it is said, of the Countess of Derwentwater having made her escape from Lord's Island over the lake, and up this ravine, when the intelligence of her husband's arrest reached her.

On arriving at the inn we took such refreshment as the place afforded—the sight of a fire not being a part of it; and then, as the rain abated a little, set out for the Fall. A foot-path leads through a garden and field behind the inn, on pursuing which for five minutes, or less, the traveller comes in sight of the far-famed Lodore. Beautiful it certainly is—all mountain torrents are; and its accompaniments of rock and wood are wild and imposing. I had expected from the admirable poem of Southey, in which sound and sense agree so remarkably, that Lodore was at least equal to Foyers in Invernesshire: but it was nothing of the kind when we saw it. To be sure, there was little water, but—"Foyers rejoicing Foyers," even after a dry season, and with less water than Lodore had on the day of our visit, is fifty times more magnificent. After incessant rains, Lodore may deserve a higher character, but in the then state of its waters, it was little, if at all, superior to Stockgill Force. I remained however, for fully half an hour among its crags, and beautiful birch trees, but my companion left me to myself; not because he did not admire the Fall—but because he had one of his own from a slippery piece of rock into a pool about two feet deep. He scrambled out without difficulty;—and retired to the inn to take his wet boots off, leaving me to my meditations.

The stream of Lodore issues from a little circular

LIBRARY OF THE

E. Gilks, Del.

T. Gilks, Sculp.

LODORE FALL.

lake, in the upland valley of Watendlath. The road upward turns off at the first house beyond the inn, and is very steep for about one hundred and fifty yards, until the bank of the stream is gained. Following its course for awhile, and then turning a little to the left, a magnificent view is to be obtained, of nearly the whole of Derwentwater and the Skiddaw range, seen through the chasm of the waterfall. This chasm is formed by two almost perpendicular rocks—Gowdar Crag upon the left, and Shepherd's Crag upon the right. The following are the lines of Southey upon the Falls, which are reproduced here, not because they are new, or because it is likely that they may be unknown to any visitor, but because it is thought, that even those who may have met with them before, will have a pleasure in reperusing them on the spot they celebrate, and because this little volume would be incomplete without them:—the lines were intended for the nursery.

"How does the water
Come down at Lodore?"
My little boy asked me
Thus once on a time;
And moreover he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme—
Anon at the word.
Then first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother.

And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its war,
As many a time
They had seen it before;
So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store
And 'twas in my vocation
For their recreation,
That so I should sing,
Because I was Laureate
To them and the king.

From its sources which well
From the tarn on the Fell,
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills,
Through moss and through brake
It runs and it creeps
For awhile, till it sleeps
In its own little Lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter, skelter,
Hurry, scurry.
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Here smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,

Till in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong
Then plunges along
Conflictingly strong.
Striking and raging, as if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among.
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and wringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around.
With endless rebound.
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in,
Confounding,
Astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,

And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and glowing,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning,
And glittering and flittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurreying,
And thundering and floundering,

Dividing, and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and mumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering,
Retreating and meeting, and beating and sheeting,
Delaying and straying, and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing, and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and boiling and toiling,
And gleaming and streaming, and steaming and beaming,

And rushing and flushing, and gushing and brushing,
And flapping and sapping and clapping, and slapping,
And curling and whirling, and purling and twirling,
And thumping and bumping, and pumping and plumping,
And dashing and flashing, and splashing and clashing,
And so never ending, but always descending.
Sounds and motion for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er with a mighty uproar—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

About a mile beyond the inn of Lodore is the small village of Grange, situated on the west banks of the river of Derwent. It takes its name from being the place which the monks of Furness used as a granary, where they laid up the tithe. It forms, with its neat bridge and its lofty crags, covered with luxuriant trees, a picture which is the admiration of all who love seclusion in the midst of beauty. The commanding mountains, or Fells of Borrodale, amongst which Glaramara is conspicuous in the front, and the Scawfell Pikes in the far distance, seem to forbid all further progress in this direction. He who presses onwards soon discovers that there is a road; and if he be a traveller of taste, discovers also that all the views it presents to him from various points are of the grandest kind. The pass into Borrodale is both narrow and straight, the whole width being occupied by the road, and by the clear river that runs its course through rocky and precipitous banks, into the lake. Here attention is first arrested by an

eminence called Castle Crag, on which, according to tradition, the Romans erected a fort, to command the entrance of this wild region. No traces of it remain, although the Saxons after them, and the monks of Furness Abbey, to whom all Borrodale belonged, maintained it at a still later period for the same purpose. From the summit of this crag, looking northwards, are to be seen the whole of the blue expanse of Derwentwater, with all its islands; the sweet village of Grange in front, the heights above Lodore to Watendlath, on the western road, by which we came; and on the opposite shore Manesty, the Cat Bells, Portinscale, and Crosthwaite; the imposing

SKIDDAW.

majesty of Skiddaw shutting up the scene. Looking southwards into Borrodale, we see the village of

Rosthwaite, apparently at the feet of Glaramara and the Eagle Crag, and a mass of mountains still further beyond. Descending again into the road, we come in sight of the famous Bowder, or Boulder Stone, a

THE BOULDER STONE.

large fragment of rock, which at some distant period has been hurled from the neighbouring mountains. It bears some resemblance to a ship lying keel upwards — a resemblance which Mr. Wordsworth thus alludes to.

> Upon a semi-cirque of turf-clad ground,
> The hidden nook discovered to our view,
> A mass of rock, resembling, as it lay
> Right at the foot of that moist precipice,
> A stranded ship, with keel upturned, that rests
> Fearless of winds and waves.

The stone is sixty-two long, and thirty-six feet high; its circumference is eighty-four feet, and it weighs nearly eighteen hundred tons—or, according to some authorities, within eight or ten tons of two thousand. Stones of a similar kind, and of almost equal size — standing alone — are to be met with in all mountainous regions. The remarkable island of Arran abounds with them, and the road from Brodick into Glen Sannox, a distance of seven miles, exhibits three or four of most imposing appearance; one of them about as ponderous as the Boulder Stone of Borrodale.

Travellers, if the day be clear, generally stand on the top of the Bowder Stone, for the sake of the view; but any one who has stood on the summit of the Castle Crag may well spare himself the effort, trifling though it be. It is but a repetition of the principal features of the landscape, deprived of many of its smaller charms, and cannot but be disappointing to those who have seen the first.

At Rosthwaite, where there is a small but comfortable inn—the principal edifice in the hamlet—the three vales, which together form the district of Borrodale diverge. These are Seatoller on the west, leading to Buttermere and Cummock Water; Seathwaite, leading to Wastdale and Wast Water on the south, and Stonethwaite to the south-east, leading to Borrodale Fells, and separating into Langstreth and

ROSTHWAITE.

Greenup, the former leading over the Stake into Great Langdale, and the latter into the vale of Grasmere, through Easdale.

Proceeding from Rosthwaite, we pass a small neat chapel on the left hand, situated at the base of the steep hills, and thence to a small bridge over the Seathwaite arm of the river of Derwent. At the distance of two miles from Rosthwaite, a mountain road to the right, near a large farm-house, called Seatoller, leads to Buttermere; hereafter to be described. Following the main road to Wast Water, and the two mountains of Scawfell and Sty Head, we come in sight of a famous black-lead mine, or, as the country-people call it, a Wad mine, situated in the south eastern portion of a hill called Giller Coom. This mine is a source of considerable wealth to the proprietor, supplying, as it does, all the manufactories of

Keswick. It is not known with certainty when it was first opened.

In the immediate neighbourhood of the mine, in the direction towards Seatoller, are the Borrodale Yews—four large trees and some smaller ones which Mr. Wordsworth, the presiding genius of the district, has enshrined in his verse: in accordance with that plan which he seems early to have formed, of allowing no object of interest or beauty within the compass of twenty-five or thirty miles around Rydal, to escape the illustration of his pen. He names them

> The fraternal Four of Borrodale
> Joined in one solemn and capacious grove
> Huge trunks:—
> * * * * * *
> Beneath whose sable roof
> Of boughs, as if for festal purpose decked
> With unrejoicing berries, ghostly shapes
> May meet at Noontide, Fear and trembling Hope,
> Silence and Foresight—Death the skeleton,
> And Time the shadow—there to celebrate
> As in a natural Temple scattered o'er
> With altars undisturb'd of mossy stone,
> United worship;—or in mute repose
> To lie and listen to the mountain flood
> Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves.

Beyond the hamlet of Seathwaite, the road is reduced to a horse-track, following the direction of the stream for upwards of a mile, as far as Stockley Bridge, small and picturesque, even in its present enlarged

and amended state, but said to have been much more picturesque, though probably more insecure, before the hand of innovation gave it a parapet. It stretches over a rocky cleft, ten or twelve feet above the stream, having a beautiful little cascade above, and a clear pool of water below. It is only about six feet in span, and was formerly scarcely a yard in breadth, but has now been widened to about five feet. It is an arch of rough stone, and still picturesque to the men of this generation, whatever may be said by men of a past age of its former superiority.

We are now on the ascent of a hill with the ill-favoured appellation of Sty Head, the summit of which is 1250 feet above the level of the sea, and about 750 above Stockley Bridge. It may be called the lower shoulder or limb of Scawfell, a mountain thirty feet higher than Helvellyn, and the highest land in England. At the top of the first ascent is a small plain, on which lies Sty-head Tarn, which is fed by a small stream from another tarn, called Sprinkling or Sparkling Tarn, some hundred feet higher, and is the source of one branch of the Grange, or Derwent river. The latter tarn is far-famed for its trout. Beyond this, and at an elevation of perhaps 100 or 150 feet higher, a sudden turn in the road unfolds the panorama of Wast Dale and Wast Water, a thousand feet below, and the gloomy but gorgeous hills that encompass them around.

The weather was not clear enough, when I penetrated into this region, to warrant the ascent of Scawfell. From the guide-books it appears that the view from either of the two Pikes of Scawfell is superior to those from Helvellyn and Skiddaw. The southern, an inferior Pike, is 3092 feet above the level of the sea; and the superior Pike, separated from its fellow by a chasm called the Mickle Door, of twelve hundred yards "as the crow flies," rises to the height of 3160. From the former a considerable part of the Lancashire, Cumberland, and Scotch coasts, with the Isle of Man, and Snowdon in Wales, are visible; while the latter affords all these, with Windermere and Derwentwater besides. There is little or no vegetation upon this Fell, and its distance from any house of any entertainment, the rugged ground, and the frequency of mist and storm, throw altogether such impediments in the way of curiosity, that very few have patience or courage enough to ascend it.

ROSTHWAITE CHAPEL.

WASTDALE HEAD.

CHAPTER VIII.

Wast Water.—Eskdale.—Birker Force.—Stanley Gill.—Burnmoor.—Muncaster Castle.—St. Bees.—Egremont.—Ennerdale, Lowes Water. — Crummock Water. — Buttermere. — Scale Force.—Shelley and his first Wife.—The Druid's Circle.

The road to Wastdale and Wast Water descends from the pass of Styhead down the side of the "Great Gable," affording a glimpse of the lonely valley of Wastdale Head, and the desolate, stern-looking lake, known as Wast or Waste Water, extending its leaden-coloured expanse between high and sterile mountains. The lake is three miles and a half long, about three quarters of a mile broad, fifty fathoms deep, and like Loch Ness, which is also noted

for its extreme depth of water, has never been known to freeze. The lower end of the lake towards the sea-coast, from which it is not above seven or eight miles distant, has few attractive features, its banks being comparatively tame; and tourists are for the most part recommended to proceed upwards from that direction, that they may obtain a view of the rude sublimities that encompass its upper portion. There is a road only on the north-east shore of the lake, of which it is therefore impracticable to make the circuit as we can do of Coniston, Windermere, Derwentwater, Ulleswater, and the other lakes; but the traveller loses nothing by this. He sees on the opposite shore the rugged hills known as "The Screes," their base washed by the lake, and their gloomy sides covered with huge boulders and *debris* of rocks, which have been washed down by the torrents, or hurled from their places by storms, or other convulsions of nature.

While in this neighbourhood, few do, and none should omit, taking the opportunity to pay a visit to Eskdale, or Eshdale, if it were for no other reason than to see Birker Force and Stanley Gill. These two waterfalls are often mistaken, the one for the other; and the traveller who has seen the first is not always aware that at the distance of three quarters of a mile, there is another in every respect as fine or finer. Birker Force dashes over a bare precipitous

ATIC SOCIETY

D. H. M'Kewan, Del.

T. Giles, Sculp

STANLEY GILL.

rock; and Stanley Gill, somewhat inferior in height, is equal to it in beauty and grandeur. The original name of the latter was Dalegarth Force, which has been changed, out of compliment to Mr. Stanley, of Ponsonby, the proprietor of the estate on which it falls. It is far up a narrow, and richly-wooded ravine, and the road not being easily found, it may be as well for the traveller in search of the picturesque, to inquire at the Farm-house called Dalegarth Hall, where a guide may be obtained. Birker Force is by some considered the finest waterfall in Cumberland. The most convenient mode, however, of proceeding into this wild region, is to make an extension of the trip from Ambleside to Coniston, of which an account has been already given; and of which all the stages are duly recorded in the guide books. At a point in this region called Esk House, pronounced *Ash Course*, may be seen the whole of Borrowdale and Derwentwater, with Skiddaw in the rear, visible from his base to his cope. The river Esk forms a succession of beautiful falls, for fully five miles of its course.

Burnmoor, with Scaw Fell in the distance, and the wild and desolate-looking Tarn in the middle, are also points of some attraction to the majority of tourists; but like Birker Force, and the beauties of Eskdale, they are more conveniently seen by the traveller who starts from Coniston.

From Wastdale and Eskdale there is a somewhat

circuitous, but very interesting route, by Muncaster Castle, Gosforth, Ponsonby, Newton, Egremont, and Copeland Forest, to Ennerdale Water, Buttermere, and Crummock Water, and so by Newlands back again to Keswick. Following the river Esk, seawards, we pass Muncaster Castle, on a wood-crowned steep, the ancient seat of the family of the Penningtons, Earls of Muncaster. The country in this neighbourhood, now green and luxuriant with wood, is said to have been bleak and bare before the late Earl undertook its improvement. He covered the hills with trees—now of a goodly growth; introduced various breeds of cattle; irrigated the fields; and increased his own wealth, and the wealth of his dependants, by his judicious expenditure. About a mile and a half to the east of the castle, on the opposite side of the Esk, upon an eminence called Birkby Fell, are ruins of considerable extent, which the country people call the remains of the ancient "city of Barnscar." They extend for about three hundred yards one way, and one hundred the other; and have long puzzled antiquaries to account for them—as there is no historical record in existence which throws the smallest light upon the subject. The small market and sea-port town of Ravenglass is about a mile and a half from Muncaster, at the confluence of two small streams, called the Mite and the Irt; but it is in no respect remarkable. From this

place, we follow the high road to Whitehaven, as far as Gosforth, where the lover of the picturesque will admire the situation and architecture of the church; and where the antiquary will delay his steps for a short time to take a look at a tall cross in the churchyard, supposed to have been erected by the Danes. From thence to the bridge over the river Calder, is

RUINS OF CALDER ABBEY.

about two and a half miles. On the north side of this stream, a mile above the bridge, are the ruins of Calder Abbey, founded so early as 1134, for Cistercian

monks; and forming an adjunct to the superior and parent establishment of Furness. It is a small, but beautiful ruin; and the tourist has an additional inducement to visit it, from the fact that on the opposite side of the river are the vestiges of a Roman encampment. A modern house has been built upon a portion of the site of the ancient abbey. The church connected with it, was, says the Rev. Mr. Ford, in his Description of the Scenery of the Lake District, "of the usual cross form. The south side of the nave is gone. The west door is good Norman, but plain. The nave consists of five arches, now overgrown with ivy. The centre tower stands on four pointed arches, supported by lofty piers. The east end of the choir is gone. It had no lateral lights, but the walls are adorned with long slender pillars and niches; and on the south side are four circular niches, foliated, one being pierced as a door. There are the remains of cloisters on the south side, sufficient to show them to have been beautiful specimens of early English. There are some old monuments with recumbent figures. The grounds are kept in excellent order; the greensward is beautiful; and no noxious weeds are allowed to disfigure the precincts of this once hallowed shrine."

Ponsonby Hall, standing in a park, on the opposite side of the high road to Whitehaven, will scarcely delay the steps of the traveller, who, if he be bound

to Ennerdale and Buttermere by the nearest route, will strike off here to the right, through Copeland Forest. By keeping the high road for a few miles, he will be enabled to see the small town of Egremont, and the picturesque ruins of its ancient castle; and also, four miles further, the famous abbey of St. Bees.

Egremont consists of one long, spacious, and half modern, half antique street. It formerly returned a member to parliament, but its worthy burgesses thinking the trouble and expense (for they paid their members in those days), much greater than the advantage, petitioned earnestly to be disfranchised; and disfranchised they were accordingly. It stands about two miles from the coast, on the north bank of the Ehen, a stream flowing through a fertile valley from Ennerdale Water, seven miles distant. The castle, which seems to have been the parent of the small town that has clustered around it, was built in the twelfth century, and was evidently a strong and commanding fortress, though not of very great extent. There are at present but little remains of it, but those remains are picturesque, and combine well in the landscape with the quiet little town which they surmount among the foliage, and with the clear stream and the over-arching bridge. On a common adjoining the town, are the remnants of two Druidical Circles, and several tumuli, or barrows. The smallest circle is composed of loose stones, and is about forty yards in

circumference; the other is composed of ten large stones, and encloses an area of nearly twenty paces in diameter.

From Egremont to St. Bees is a pleasant walk of four miles. The latter town, or rather village, reaches down the side of a ridge, into a deep narrow vale, and is chiefly, or only remarkable for the ruins of its abbey. St. Bees is so called from Bega, an Irish lady, contemporary of the famous St. Columba. She was canonized in the seventh century, and founded here, in the year 650, a small monastery. Several years afterwards a church was erected in connection with it, and a small town gradually grew around them both. The monastery was destroyed by the Danes, and lay for some time in ruins, but was restored by William de Malines, believed to be the same who built Calder Abbey, in the twelfth century. After the dissolution of the monasteries a free-school was founded from its revenues by Archbishop Grindall, from which the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland have derived great benefit. Recently under the patronage of the late Earl of Lonsdale, a college has been established for the education of ministers of the Church of England, which is said to be in a flourishing condition. Mr. Wordsworth, the influence of whose genius is, as far as this region is concerned, ubiquitous, has a poem written in 1833, upon the beauties of St. Bees, composed "in a steam-

boat off the coast," in which, with a similar feeling to that which prompted his famous sonnet against the Kendal and Windermere railway, he praises the past at the expense of the present; and refuses full justice to the spirit of the present age, and its great mechanical handmaid, Steam. The following is the complaint of a bard who prefers the sail to the paddle wheel; and who carries the same feeling, into his spiritual as well as into his material philosophy:—

> This independence upon oar and sail,
> This new indifference to breeze or gale,
> This straight-lined progress furrowing a flat lea
> And regular as if locked in certainty—
> Depress the hours. Up! spirit of the storm!
> That Courage may find something to perform—
> That Fortitude whose blood disdains to freeze
> At Danger's bidding may confront the seas,
> Firm as the towering headlands of St. Bees.
>
> Dread cliff of Baruth! *that* wild wish may sleep,
> Bold as if men and creatures of the deep
> Breathed the same element: too many wrecks
> Have struck thy sides; too many ghastly decks
> Hast thou looked down upon, that such a thought
> Should here be welcome, and in verse enwrought;
> With thy stern aspect better far agrees
> Utterance of thanks that we have past with ease
> As millions thus shall do the headlands of St. Bees.
>
> Yet while each useful Art augments her store,
> What boots the gain if Nature should lose more,
> And Wisdom as she holds a Christian place
> In man's intelligence sublimed by grace.'

The spirit of Progress, which vindicates itself in the second stanza is, however, but of feeble strength in our poets's pages, and he recurs anon to his old feeling of Conservatism in all things, and reverence for the past, because it is past, and because he thinks that the past should always guide the present and the future. This, however, is not the place, nor is it yet the time, for a consideration of Mr. Wordsworth's philosophy. If it were, a better text for a discourse upon it could not be found than the lines just quoted, and the concluding stanza of the poem.

From St. Bees, the traveller who wishes to proceed to Ennerdale, must retrace his steps to Egremont, unless he prefers first of all to visit the flourishing little sea-port of Whitehaven. The road to Ennerdale leads through the hamlet of Cleator, chiefly inhabited by miners, employed in the iron mines near Egremont, and onwards by the banks of the Ehen, a lowland stream, creeping amid alders and willows from its source in the lake of Ennerdale.

This water lies out of the beaten track, and woos in vain the admiration of the great majority of those who penetrate into the Lake District, worthy of all admiration though it be. It is about two miles and a half long, and three quarters of a mile in breadth, as nearly as possible of the same area as Wast Water. The scenery is wild and striking, and beyond its head are to be seen a confused assemblage of mountains,

VIEW NEAR ENNERDALE WATER

one of them named the Pillar, rising to an elevation of 2893 feet. Arrived at the lake, it is not easy to procure a boat to sail or row up its waters in a straight direction towards Buttermere; and if it were, it would be a matter of some difficulty to thread the mountain paths of the very wild and almost inaccessible region which lies between. There is a road, however, over a pass called the Scarf Gap, into Buttermere, but it is not to be attempted save by those who fear not the pelting of the storm, nor the want of halting places for refreshment, nor the trouble of carrying a knapsack. To those who are hardy, and fond enough of adventure, and who travel with

pleasant companions, the mountain road, rude and steep, and breath-trying though it may be, will have its charms, and bestow glimpses of wild, beautiful, and romantic scenery, which will be cheaply bought by all their trouble.

A more convenient route, though somewhat more extended in point of actual distance, is by Lamplugh; whence following the high road, we arrive in succession at three lakes all more or less celebrated, and all more or less worthy of a visit. The first is Lowes Water, a very small lake, a mile in length and a quarter of a mile broad at its broadest part, and from five to ten fathoms in depth. The valley in which it rests has a pastoral and quiet appearance;—but the bold eminences of Black Fell, Low Fell, and Melbreak, attest that it belongs to the land of the mountains; and its placid beauty but serves to show to more advantage, from the contrast, the turbulent grandeur around it.

The overflow of its waters forms the Lowes river, which runs a course of about half a mile into Crummock Water—a lake three miles in length, three-quarters of a mile in breadth, and, on an average, twenty-two fathoms in depth. Crummock Water is also supplied at the other end, from the overflow of the small lake of Buttermere, from which it is separated by low-lying meadows, clad in luxuriant grass. Its own overflow forms the river Cocker,

CRUMMOCK WATER

which running by Cockermouth, discharges itself into the sea at Workington. The lake is bounded on the east by the steep hills of Whiteside, Grassmoor, and Whitelees, and on the west by Melbreak; and those who wish to see it in all its grandeur would do well to take a boat and proceed in the direction of Buttermere. The latter, however, is so formidable a rival that few care for the charms of Crummock.

The vale of Buttermere is beautifully wild. The lake is a mile and a quarter long, half a mile broad, and about fifteen fathoms in depth; and lake and valley are encompassed by magnificent hills; Buttermere Moss and Robinson (vile name for a hill)

VALE OF BUTTERMERE.

on the east, and the Hay Stacks (vile again), High Crag, High Stile, and Red Pike, on the west. Let no one leave its neighbourhood, however much he may be delighted with its grandeur and seclusion, without visiting Scale Force, which, although it is formed by a stream that discharges itself into Crummock Water, will be found most easy of access from the Inn at Buttermere. There is a foot-path across a swampy ground, leading directly to the fall, but most parties prefer to take a boat, and row to the junction of the river with the Lake of Crummock: whence it is a walk of about a mile. The water falls from a height of one hundred and fifty-six feet between two walls of perpendicular rock, wet with its dashing spray, into a basin of eighteen or twenty

feet in width. There is another fall of forty-four feet lower down—and both are beautiful as waterfalls always are, and not surpassed by any fall in Cumberland or Westmoreland—not even by famed Lodore—or, a greater favourite still, by Stock Gill Force itself.

The road from Buttermere, through Newlands to Keswick, leads by a very steep ascent between the two mountains of Robinson on the right hand and Whitelees on the left, their slopes covered with a rich green turf and luxuriant fern, with here and there large fields of purple heather dotted with sheep and cattle. Newlands is a hamlet remarkable for the extreme beauty of its situation, and stands in a pastoral valley, rich with flocks and herds. The road down to Stony Croft affords a succession of mountain scenery—the range of Cat Bells extending to the right, and Causey Pike, upwards of two thousand feet in height, standing on the left. At this point the waters of the Lake of Bassenthwaite form a beautiful feature in the landscape, but are lost to sight as we draw near to Portinscale. From the latter place to Keswick, we make the circuit of the head of Derwentwater, passing by Crow Park, and twice over the Greta River.

Arrived again at Keswick, the traveller who has already explored Ulleswater from Ambleside, will scarcely proceed to Penrith. Whether or no, he will

not omit the opportunity, if it were only while dinner is preparing, of walking a mile and three-quarters from the town on the Penrith road, to see the famous Druid's Circle, and the wild and lonely scenery amongst which it is situated. He will also, if he be a lover of poetry, take this walk for the additional reason that the name of Shelley—a name dear, and to be yet dearer, to English literature—is associated with it. We are informed by Mr. De Quincy, in an interesting paper in Tait's Magazine for January, 1846, of some circumstances connected with Shelley's residence here, which have not been noticed in any biographies of the poet; and as the passage may serve to direct the steps of pilgrims to the spot, it is here extracted.

"Between two and three years after Shelley's expulsion from Oxford," says Mr. De Quincy, "he married a beautiful girl named Westbrook. She was respectably connected; but had not moved in a rank corresponding to Shelley's; and that accident brought him into my own neighbourhood, for his family, already estranged from him, were now thoroughly irritated by what they regarded as a *mésalliance*, and withdrew, or greatly reduced, his pecuniary allowances. Such, at least, was the story current. In this embarrassment, his wife's father made over to him an annual income of 200*l.*; and, as economy had become important, the youthful pair

—both, in fact, still children—came down to the Lakes, supposing this region of Cumberland and Westmoreland to be a sequestered place, which it *was*, for eight months in the year, and also to be a cheap place—which it was *not*. Another motive to this choice arose with the then Duke of Norfolk. He was an old friend of Shelley's family, and generously refused to hear a word of the young man's errors, except where he could do anything to relieve him from their consequences. His Grace possessed the beautiful estate of Gowbarrow Park, on Ullswater, and other estates of greater extent in the same two counties; his own agents he had directed to furnish any accommodations that might meet Shelley's views; and he had written to some gentlemen amongst his agricultural friends in Cumberland, requesting them to pay such neighbourly attentions to the solitary young people as circumstances might place in their power. This bias being impressed upon Shelley's wanderings, naturally brought him to Keswick, as the most central and the largest of the little towns dispersed amongst the Lakes. Southey, made aware of the interest taken in Shelley by the Duke of Norfolk, with his usual kindness, immediately called upon him; and the ladies of Southey's family subsequently made an early call upon Mrs. Shelley. One of them mentioned to me, as occurring in this first visit, an amusing expression of the youth-

ful matron, which, four years later, when I heard of her gloomy end, recalled with the force of a pathetic contrast, that icy arrest then chaining up her youthful feet for ever. The Shelleys had been induced by one of their new friends to take part of a house standing about half a mile out of Keswick, on the Penrith road; more, I believe, in that friend's intention for the sake of bringing them easily within his hospitalities, than for any beauty in the place. There was, however, a pretty garden attached to it. And whilst walking in this, one of the Southey party asked Mrs. Shelley if the garden had been let with *their* part of the house. 'Oh, no,' she replied, 'the garden is not ours; but then, you know, the people let us run about in it whenever Percy and I are tired of sitting in the house.' The *naïveté* of this expression 'run about,' contrasting so picturesquely with the intermitting efforts of the girlish wife at supporting a matronlike gravity now that she was doing the honours of her house to married ladies, caused all the party to smile. And *me* it caused profoundly to sigh, four years later, when the gloomy death of this young creature, now frozen in a distant grave, threw back my remembrance upon her fawn-like playfulness, which, unconsciously to herself, the girlish phrase of *run about* so naturally betrayed."

"At that time," continues Mr. De Quincy, "I had a cottage myself in Grasmere, just thirteen

miles distant from Shelley's new abode. As he had then written nothing of any interest, I had no motive for calling upon him, except by way of shewing any little attentions in my power to a brother Oxonian, and to a man of letters. These attentions indeed he might have claimed simply in the character of a neighbour, For as men living on the coast of Mayo or Galway are apt to consider the dwellers on the sea-board of North America in the light of next-door neighbours, divided only by a party-wall of crystal,—and what if accidentally three thousand miles thick?—on the same principle, we amongst the slender population of this lake region, and wherever no ascent intervened between two parties higher than Dunmaile Raise and the spurs of Helvellyn, were apt to take with each other the privileged tone of neighbours. Some neighbourly advantages I might certainly have placed at Shelley's disposal—Grasmere, for instance, itself, which tempted at that time by a beauty that had not been sullied; Wordsworth, who then lived in Grasmere; Elleray and Professor Wilson, nine miles further; finally, my own library, which being rich in the wickedest of German speculations, would naturally have been more to Shelley's taste than the Spanish library of Southey.

But all these temptations were negatived for Shelley by his sudden departure. Off he went in a hurry: but *why* he went, or *whither* he went, I did not in-

quire; not guessing the interest which he would create in my mind, six years later, by his 'Revolt of Islam.' A life of Shelley, in a Continental edition of his works, says that he went to Edinburgh and to Ireland. Some time after, we at the Lakes heard that he was living in Wales. Apparently he had the instinct within him of his own Wandering Jew for eternal restlessness. But events were now hurrying upon his heart of hearts. Within less than ten years the whole arrear of his life was destined to revolve. Within that space, he had the whole burden of life and death to exhaust; he had all his suffering to suffer, and all his work to work."

The Druid's circle is situated on the summit of a solitary hill, in a bleak and barren spot, fit theatre for such remnants of a hoary and barbarous antiquity. It will be found in a field on the right from the high road, called Castle Rigg. The area occupied by the stones is three hundred and thirty-six feet in circumference, and one hundred and fourteen in diameter. The stones are thirty-eight in number, composed of granite, and from three to eight feet high, having at the east end ten other stones, forming the three sides of a square. The poet Gray, in his letters from the lake district, states the number of the stones at fifty. Pennant, in his Scottish Tour, took this district in his way; and devoted some time and attention to the circle. He supposes the eastern

side to have been the holy place reserved for the Druid priests, "where they met, separated from the vulgar, to perform their rites and divinations, or to sit in council to determine on controversies, or for the trial of prisoners." From these stones a sublime prospect is obtained. The prospect would delight the soul of Turner, who has done so much for the spectral stones of Salisbury Plain. The latter have no such aids to their sublimity as these, which stand in lonely and desolate grandeur, amid the wild and stupendous forms of frowning mountains. Skiddaw, Blencathra, and Helvellyn, rear their giant heads and precipitous sides to the North: Skiddaw Dodd, the little Skiddaw, or shoulder of the great mountain, with Wanthwaite Pikes and Naddale, loom mistily to the south; at the west are the mountains of Borrowdale beyond Keswick; and on the east the dreary and forbidding waste of Hutton Moor, and the towering summit of Cross Fell.

DRUID'S CIRCLE.

BASSENTHWAITE WATER.

CHAPTER IX.

Keswick to Lorton and Cockermouth.—From Cockermouth to the top of Bassenthwaite.—Armathwaite.—Saddleback and Skiddaw.—Bolton Gate.—Wigton.

THE road from Keswick to Cockermouth, passing over Whinlatter, and through Lorton, presents a succession of magnificent scenery. The whole route is a grand panorama of mountains and lakes, and whether in storm or sunshine—I happened to see it in both,—it is equally splendid. Passing through the little village of Braithwaite, the beauties of the scene begin to unfold themselves; and the three predominant mountains of Skiddaw, Saddleback, and Helvellyn, rear their giant masses above all competitors; of

whom there are a swarm, not quite so grand in their bulk, but as imposing and awful in their outlines—Wallow Crag, Falcon Crag, Bleaberry Fell, Mell Fell, Wanthwaite Crag, St. John's Dodd, Sty Barrow Dodd, and one of the classic name of Styx. This latter I verily believe ought to be written *Sticks*, as belonging to the same family with the Great Stickle, the Harrison Stickle, and the Pikes, that have been so frequently mentioned in another part of these rambles. As the traveller advances, Bassenthwaite gradually spreads its clear blue expanse before his eyes. If he stops to admire the transcendent loveliness of the prospect, as he must do if he be a true devotee of nature, he will look behind him to the region from which he has come, and will behold the fair bosom of Derwentwater, hemmed in by wooded hills, with its sweet green islands, and guardian town of Keswick, sending up the thin light-blue smoke in curls and wreathlets to the sky. Proceeding further, Jinkin Hill and the village of Thornthwaite appear in sight to the right hand, with Bassenthwaite beyond them; while, on the left, the huge form of Grisdale Pike, 2580 feet in height, seems to guard the district of Grasmere, Buttermere, and Crummock Water. The next scene of the panorama is the rural and rich valley of Lorton, with the sparkling stream of the Cocker, (its very name suggestive of a lively, brawling, leaping river,) flowing through it, fall-

ing in numerous cascades over its rocky bed. The valley is about three miles in length, and is famous in all the country round, and to a much wider circle of the admirers of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, for a large and ancient yew tree. The poet thus apostrophizes it:—

> ——————pride of Lorton Vale,
> Which to this day stands single, in the midst
> Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore,
> Not loth to furnish weapons for the bands
> Of Umfraville or Percy, ere they march'd
> To Scotland's heaths: or those that crossed the sea,
> And drew their sounding bows at Azincour;
> Perhaps at early Crecy, or Poictiers.
> Of vast circumference, and gloom profound,
> This solitary tree, a living thing,
> Produced too slowly ever to decay;
> Of form and aspect too magnificent
> To be destroyed.

Four miles along the high road from the yew tree, itself at a distance of eight miles from Keswick, we enter the ancient borough town of Cockermouth, the birth-place of Wordsworth, and the burial-place of his father, as the bard himself informs us in the sixth of the series of sonnets suggested by his tour to Scotland in the year 1833. The town is beautifully situated at the confluence of the Cocker and the Derwent. It consists mainly of two spacious streets, and has two handsome bridges; one over the Derwent consisting of two arches, and two hundred and seven-

ty feet in length ; the other, a smaller one, over the Cocker, consisting of one arch, of one hundred and sixty feet span. Cockermouth sends two members to Parliament, and is a prosperous place, carrying on a considerable manufacture of coarse woollen goods, cotton checks, and ginghams. There is an ancient church, dedicated to All Saints, which has had the advantage of a modern renovation. Though well situated on an eminence, it has no great pretension to architectural beauty. The tower contains six bells, which every now and then give the inhabitants a taste of their quality, by their chimes. There is also a grammar school, founded in 1676, by Lord Wharton ; various alms-houses and other charitable institutions, and a very handsome market-place. Its old castle, however, is its chief attraction to the tourist. It stands on an eminence, between the Derwent and the Cocker, and was built shortly after the Norman Conquest, by Waldieve, first Lord of Allendale. It is in the form of an irregular square, and was defended at the entrance by a portcullis, draw-bridge, and moat. On each side of the gate-way, leading to the interior court, is a dungeon, to which the curious visitor may obtain access if he pleases, though it is scarcely worth his while to penetrate into them. The south-west front, of which a considerable portion remains, forms the most picturesque part of the ruin. It stood on the brink of the precipice, overlooking both the

rivers, and in this it is believed were the state rooms, and all the principal apartments. Under this tower there is a vault, thirty feet square, which is lighted by a small grated window, and approached by a descent of twelve steps, the roof being upheld by a single octagonal pillar, which branches out into ribs, supporting the groining. In the imaginary address of the spirit of Cockermouth Castle to Mr. Wordsworth, the poet gives the world some particulars of his own early fondness for exploring this and the other portions of the castle. It is the seventh sonnet of the series of 1833, already quoted from.

> Thou lookst upon me, and dost fondly think,
> Poet! that, stricken as both are by years,
> We, differing once so much are now compeers,
> Prepared when each has stood his time, to sink
> Into the dust. Erewhile a sterner link
> United us—when thou, in boyish play,
> Entering my dungeon, didst become a prey
> To soul-appalling darkness. Not a blink
> Of light was there; and thus, did I, thy tutor,
> Make thy young thoughts acquainted with the grave:
> While thou went chasing the wing'd butterfly
> Through my green courts, or climbing, a bold suitor,
> Up to the flowers, whose golden progeny
> Still round my shattered brow in beauty wave.

The gate-way tower is adorned with the arms of the ancient possessors of this feudal hold. It seems to have changed hands many times, for among others

of its proprietors, we find the Umfravilles, the Multons, the Lucies, the Percies, and the Nevilles: it belonged to the late Earl of Egremont, and is now the property of his son, Colonel Wyndham. It was kept in tolerably good repair from the earliest period of its history till the wars of the commonwealth, when it was reduced and dismantled by the parliamentary forces. It has been in ruins ever since, with the exception of the gate-house, and the court-house, at the east angle, which are kept in repair for the occasional residence of the Lord of the Manor. Cockermouth is altogether a beautiful little town, and with its neighbourhood, abounds in scenes which would afford employment for weeks, to the artist who loves to sketch from nature.

From Cockermouth the road to the head of the lake of Bassenthwaite, a distance of five miles, leads through the cultivated valley of Embleton, less grand for about one half of the distance than the scenery just described; but towards Armathwaite affording a magnificient view of the lake, and of Skiddaw. The poet Gray, who visited this district from the western side of Bassenthwaite, gives a description of Armathwaite, which, though written nearly eighty years ago, is correct to the present day, so little change is effected by man, in scenes where the principal features are so grand and striking as they are here. "Armathwaite," he says, "stands in a grove of firs,

and commands a noble view directly up the lake. At a small distance behind the house is a large extent of wood; and behind these a range of cultivated hills, on which, according to a Keswick proverb, "*the sun always shines.*" He adds that the inhabitants here call the vale of Derwentwater by a diabolical and inodorous appellation, which decency will not allow to be quoted; and that they pronounce the name of Skiddaw Fell, which terminates here, with a sort of terror and aversion In Gray's time Armathwaite Hall was the residence of a Mr. Spedding; but now belongs to a family of the historic name of Vane.

The lake of Bassenthwaite is four miles in length, and from half a mile to a mile in width: and, like most narrow lakes, contains no islands. Its western side is fringed immediately by the waving woods of Wythop and by the rugged hills of Lord's Seat and Barf. Its eastern shore is indented by three promontories and bays, the former being known by the names of Scarness, Bradness, and Bowness. It abounds in pike and perch.

The adventurous traveller, who loves the mountains, and the grandeur and solitude of their scenery, will not leave this part of the country without attempting to reach the summit of either Skiddaw or Blencathra. The weather was not favourable for the attempt when I left Keswick; with the hope of a clear day for the purpose, and not being able like

some who are undeterred by no difficulties when once they have set their minds upon an object, to wait for perhaps a week or more for a fine day, I was compelled to leave the summits of both of them "unvisited." For the advantage, however, of those who may chance to have no other guide than these pages, some account of both mountains, and of the way to their tops, may be acceptable, even though it be derived at second hand from the accounts of others. Keswick is the proper point of departure on either expedition. Skiddaw is surpassed in height by three other mountains in England; namely by the Scawfell, Scawfell Pikes, and Helvellyn: but is unsurpassed by any for sublimity and wildness. It rises to the height of 3022 feet above the level of the sea, and 2911 above Derwentwater; being only fifty-eight feet inferior to Helvellyn, and one hundred and thirty-eight inferior to Scawfell Pike. From Keswick to its peak is a distance of six miles of almost continual ascent: but at so easy an angle generally, that the whole may be traversed on horseback. The approach is by the Penrith road for about half a mile, along the banks of Southey's favourite stream, the Greta, which rises between it and Saddleback. Having crossed the bridge beyond the toll bar, the road ascends towards the hill called Latrigg, which it skirts for some distance, and then strikes over a somewhat precipitous path to the barren moor called Skiddaw

Forest, to the foot of the Low Man, where there is a fine spring of water. Blessed are the springs upon the mountain tops, as every one who has climbed a mountain will testify;—and merry are the scenes there enacted, when the ascent is made in a company of three or four:—as I could testify, if a description of the ascent of Ben Nevis, Ben Lomond, or Goatfell, "visited," could with any propriety be introduced into the account of Skiddaw, "unvisited." Beyond the first well, having the first and second summits, or *Men*, as they are called, on the left, the road ascends easily by a good beaten track to the third Man, which is the highest point that can be seen from the valley. "From this elevated station," says Mr. Wordsworth, "the whole extent of the vale beneath is most beautifully displayed." After passing the fourth and fifth heap of stones, the traveller will soon place himself upon the summit of the mountain. Derwentwater cannot be seen from the top, being hidden by other hills of less elevation. On the right of the third Man appears a most magnificent assemblage of mountains. In a south-western direction, is seen the sublime chain extending from Coniston to Ennerdale, amongst which, Scawfell stands pre-eminent, having on its left Great End, Hanging Knot, Bowfell, and the fells of Coniston; and on the right Lingmell Crags, Great Gable, Kirkfell, Black Sail, the Pillar, the Steeple, and the Hay Cock, with

Yewbarrow and part of the Screes through Black Sail. Black Combe may be descried through an opening between the Gable and Kirkfell. To the north of the Ennerdale mountains are those of Buttermere; and High Crag, High Stile, and Red Pike peer over the Cat Bells, Robinson, and Hindscarth. Still further to the north, rising from the vale of Newlands, is Rawling End, whence aspiring, are Causey Pike, Scar Crag Top, Sail, Ill Crags, Grasmere, and Grisedale Pike. On the right of Grisedale Pike, and Hobcarten Crag is Low Fell, over which, when the atmosphere is clear, the northern part of the Isle of Man, and *perhaps* Ireland may be discovered. This, however, is a rare occurrence, not happening one day in a hundred. The town and Castle of Cockermouth are distinctly seen over the foot of Bassenthwaite, with Workington at the outlet of the Derwent on its left. Whitehaven is hid from view, but all the sea coast from St. Bees' Head by the Solway Firth to Rockliffe Marsh may be easily traced. Over the northern end of Skiddaw, if the weather be favourable, Carlisle and the Scottish mountain of Criffell may be plainly seen. Eastward, Penrith and its Beacon are visible, with Crossfell in the distance; and far away to the south-east the broad head of Ingleborough towers over the Westmorland fells. Saddleback and Helvellyn, the latter due south, are prominent features in the landscape.

Lancaster Sands are also visible at times through the gap of Dunmaile Raise; and, by the aid of a telescope, Lancaster Castle itself. No part of Windermere is ever visible, being hidden by the vast assemblage of intervening mountains. The traveller who wishes to vary his route, may descend into the vale of Bassenthwaite, to the Castle Inn, near Armathwaite; and return to Keswick either by the eastern or western shore of the lake, the former being eight and the latter ten miles.

Saddleback, or, to use the ancient and poetical name of this imposing mountain, Blencathra is, by all who have braved the difficulties of both ascents, considered far more worthy of the trouble than Skiddaw. It is 2787 feet above the level of the sea, or not so high as Skiddaw by 235 feet. Its modern name of Saddleback has been given to it by the Penrith people, from the peculiarity of its shape as seen from their neighbourhood. The late lamented Mr. Southey said that the view of "Derwent Water, as seen from the top, was one of the finest mountain scenes in the country. The tourist who would enjoy it should proceed about six miles along the Penrith road, then take the road which leads to Hesket New Market, and presently ascend by a shepherds' path which winds up the side of a ravine; and having gained the top, keep along the summit, leaving Threlkeld Tarn below him on the right, and descend

upon the Glenderaterra, the stream which comes dancing down between Saddleback and Skiddaw, and falls into the Greta about two miles from Keswick." At the base of an enormous perpendicular rock called Tarn Crag, near Linthwaite Pike, is Scales Tarn, a small lake deeply seated among the crags, which, from the peculiarity of its situation, is said to reflect the stars at noon-day.

The reader will remember the allusion to this circumstance in Sir Walter Scott's Episode of Lyulph's tale in the Bridal of Triermain; — the passage in which he mistakes Blencathra for Glaramara as already pointed out:—

King Arthur has ridden from merry Carlisle,
When Pentecost was o'er,
He journey'd like errant knight the while
And sweetly the summer sun did smile
On mountain, moss, and moor.
Above his solitary track
Rose Glaramara's ridgy back,
Amid whose yawning gulf the sun,
Cast umber'd radiance red and dun,
Though never sunbeam could discern
The surface of that sable tarn,
In whose black mirror you may spy
The stars, while noontide lights the sky.

In Bowscale Fell, about three miles eastward from Scales Tarn, is Bowscale Tarn, which sends a small stream to join the Caldew river. A singular superstí-

tion is attached to it also; the country people supposing it to be inhabited by two immortal fish! The superstition is mentioned in the beautiful description of the young days of Lord Clifford the shepherd, in Mr. Wordsworth's fine poem of the Feast of Brougham Castle.

> Again he wanders forth at will
> And tends a flock from hill to hill:
> His garb is humble; ne'er was seen
> Such garb with such a noble mien:
>
> * * * * *
>
> To his side the fallow deer
> Came and rested without fear;
> The eagle, lord of land and sea,
> Stooped down to pay him fealty;
> And both the undying fish that swim
> In Bowscale Tarn did wait on him;
> The pair were servants of his eye
> In their immortality;
> And glancing, gleaming, dark or bright
> Moved to and fro for his delight:—
> He knew the rocks which angels haunt,
> Upon the mountains visitant,
> He hath kenned them taking wing;
> And into caves where faeries sing
> He hath entered, and been told
> By voices how men lived of old.
> Among the heavens his eye can see
> The face of things that are to be,
> And if that men report him right
> His tongue could whisper words of might.

These verses have made all the "rugged coves of Blencathra" hallowed ground.

From Armathwaite Hall, the point at which we had arrived prior to this sudden start to the unvisited summits of Skiddaw and Blencathra, is but a short walk to the Castle Inn; and from the Castle Inn to the high road from Keswick to Wigton and Carlisle, is also but a short distance. Here, according to prior arrangement, I joined the stage coach that runs daily during the summer season from Keswick to Wigton, in connection with the Maryport and Carlisle Railway. The country now, as seen from the top of the coach, looked bleak and dreary. The gloomy slopes and coves of Skiddaw—the bare heaths stretching in front—the treeless wilds on every side—the want of traffic of every kind—the absence even of smoke to give signs of a human habitation—all impressed the mind with a feeling of loneliness and desolation. It was not without regret, however, that I looked back towards Keswick and the glorious hills that surround it, and caught a last glimpse of Bassenthwaite—the last of the lakes—and of the beautiful country in which I had been spending so many pleasant days. Gradually, as the coach rolled on, their outlines grew dim, the weather became hazy and indistinct, and I lost all trace of them, long before mere distance would have obliterated them from the sight. Passing by Over Water—whose

existence the driver informed me of, giving me at the same time the additional information that it was the smallest of the lakes, and situated in a lonely and seldom-visited spot, but famous for prime trout, we whirled on through the small town of Ireby to Bolton Gate. At this last-mentioned place—an antique, but miserable-looking corner of the world, we found a considerable uproar in the street (considerable for such a small place), occasioned by the arrival of a smart carriage, drawn by four horses, and containing an elderly gentleman and a young lady. Both of them were busily engaged in throwing from the carriage-windows great numbers of religious tracts, to gather which all the ragged urchins of the town had congregated. The weather being somewhat windy, many of the tracts were whirled into the air above the chimney-tops, while as many were driven down the road into the gutters; and there was great hooting and shouting and hallooing and merriment from the elder people, to see the children scampering after them in all directions. The occupants of the carriage seemed to have no knowledge of the mischief the wind was working among their tracts, but at intervals of a minute poured out fresh supplies from both sides of the carriage. As they rolled on before us towards Carlisle at a rapid pace, I could every now and then see a fair hand emerging from the carriage-window with a packet of tracts, and the next moment, the

whole cargo fluttering and flying and whirling in the air, among the hedges, or sticking fast in the puddles of the road. How long they continued at this rate, I know not; nor how many hundred-weights of paper they thus distributed during their journey, I cannot say; but I know that our coachman amused himself all the way to Wigton by pointing out the paper relics that this eccentric couple had left behind them.

Bolton Gate contains a venerable-looking church, which the coachman informed me was built, according to the tradition of the country, by the Devil; not with his own good-will, however, but constrained to the service by that arch-wizard Michael Scott, of whom so many extraordinary stories are related. The coachman himself did not know the particulars, but there was, he said, an old man in the place who knew all about it; and would tell anybody as much as would fill a "newspaper," for a pint of ale. If I had been travelling on foot, I should have made it a point to find out this worthy, and "pluck the heart out of his mystery"; and regretting to the coachman that I was not able to do so, he reconciled me to the loss by the assertion that the old man was not always in the mood; and that he would sometimes remain for weeks together without opening his mouth to a human creature. "In fact," said he, "he is supposed to be a kind of Michael

Scott himself, and knows more than he ought to know."

Wigton stands in an open and exposed situation, and is an old-fashioned, quiet-looking town, but one that is said to be rapidly increasing in prosperity; partly from being on a line of railway, and partly from the number of cotton manufactories that have been established within the last five-and-twenty years. Its church is built with materials brought from the ruins of the Roman station of Old Carlisle, situated about a mile distant. The streets are wide, and well-built; and the whole place has an air of cleanliness and comfort. Immediately after alighting from the coach, I found myself in an omnibus bound for the railway station; and in half an hour afterwards was in the ancient city of Carlisle

COCKERMOUTH.

CARLISLE.

CHAPTER X.

Carlisle.—Its historical and romantic associations, and poetical history.

No one versed in ballad lore—no reader of old poetry and romance, can approach Carlisle for the first time without pleasurable emotion. Carlisle is the border city—the city of King Arthur and his knights. It has been the scene of many a stout siege and bloody feud; of many a fierce foray, and mournful

execution, and of many a just punishment upon traitors and reivers. It is, consequently, not to be pictured to the imagination without unusual interest. Old traditions of events like these have made it among the most remarkable of the cities of England; and it would be difficult to name another around which are clustered so many memories of such various degrees of attraction to the poetical and historical antiquary. Its approach from the south, though striking, gives no idea of its antiquity and former feudalism. It is situated in an extensive plain, surrounded in the distance by mountains, amongst which Saddleback, Skiddaw, and Crossfell, are prominent; and from afar off, with the smoke of its households hanging over it, does undoubtedly impress the imagination with ideas of the romantic. Nearer approach, however, dissipates this illusion. We lose sight of the valley, being in it, and of the mountains, in the presence of immediate objects. Tall chimneys rear their heads in considerable numbers, pouring forth steam and smoke, and with square buildings and their numerous windows, prove incontestably that modern Carlisle is a manufacturing city, and has associations very different from those of its former history. On entrance, the contrast between the past and the present becomes still more vivid. We see that its walls and gates have disappeared; that its streets are clean, wide,

and comfortable, which no ancient streets in England ever were; and that it has altogether a juvenile, busy, and thriving appearance, giving few signs (to the eye at least) that it has been in existence above a century. It is true that two venerable relics, its Castle and its Cathedral, remain to attest its bygone grandeur and glory; but these are not immediately visible, and have to be sought out by the inquiring stranger; whilst all around him is modern and prosaic; and a mere reduplication of the same characteristics of English life and manners that he must have seen in a hundred other places. Still, however, it is "merrie Carlisle," and "bonnie Carlisle," although like all other mundane things it has been changed by time; and is quite as much King Arthur's city as England is King Arthur's England; and brimfull of associations which the traveller will be at no loss to recall, of the crime and sorrow,—the "fierce wars and faithful loves" of our ancestors from the year 800 downwards to 1745. Not that Carlisle is only a thousand years old. It has a much earlier origin than the year 800, having been founded by the Romans. By them it was called *Luguballium*, or *Luguvallum*, signifying the tower or station by the wall, and was so named from its contiguity to the wall of Severus. The Saxons, disliking this long and awkward name, abbreviated it into *Luel;* and afterwards in speaking of it, called it Caer-luel, or the

city of Luel; from whence comes its present designation of Carlisle. It is supposed to have been during the Saxon period, if not the chief city, the frequent residence of that great mythic personage, King Arthur, where he

> With fifty good and able
> Knights that resorted unto him
> And were of his round table:
>
> Did hold his jousts and tournaments
> Whereto were many pressed,
> Wherein some knights did far excel
> And eke surmount the rest.

Among these knights Sir Lancelot du Lake, Sir Bevis, and Sir Gawaine are the most conspicuous in tradition. One of the most celebrated of our ancient ballads relates to the latter, and to his marriage with the mis-shapen lady that afterwards became so fair. The story is a very beautiful one; and was the model upon which Chaucer founded his Wife of Bath's Tale. It is worth repeating, for the sake of those to whom the uncouth rhymes of ancient days are not familiar; but though it is likely enough that the number of these is but few, it is too interesting as connected with Carlisle to be left unmentioned in a chapter expressly devoted to the poetical antiquities of the place.

THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE.

King Arthur lives in merry Carleile,
And seemely is to see;
And there with him queene Guenever,
That bride soe bright of blee.

And there with him queene Guenever,
That bride so bright in bowre:
And all his barons about him stoode,
That were both stiffe and stowre.

The king a royale Christmasse kept,
With mirth and princelye cheare;
To him repaired many a knighte,
That came both farre and neare.

And when they were to dinner sette,
And cups went freely round:
Before them came a faire damsèlle,
And knelt upon the ground.

A boone! a boone! O kinge Arthùre,
I beg a boone of thee;
Avenge me of a carlish knighte,
Who hath shent my love and me.

At Tearne-Wadling,* his castle stands,
Near to that lake so fair,
And proudlye rise the battlements,
And streamers deck the air.

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* A note to this passage in Percy's Reliques, (the Editor of which, it must be stated, modernized and added to this ballad,)

Noe gentle knighte, nor ladye gay,
May pass that castle-walle:
But from that foule discurteous knighte,
Mishappe will them befalle.

Hee 's twyce the size of common men,
Wi' thewes, and sinewes stronge,
And on his backe he bears a clubbe,
That is both thicke and longe.

This grimme barone, 'twas our harde happe,
But yester morne to see;
When to his bowre he bare my love,
And sore misused mee.

And when I told him, king Arthure
As lyttle shold him spare;
Goe tell, sayd hee, that cuckold kinge,
To meete mee if he dare.

Upp then sterted king Arthure,
And sware by hille and dale,
He ne'er wolde quitt that grimme barone,
Till he had made him quail.

King Arthur sets off in a great rage. The opprobrious term, which galled him the more because it was true, fired his blood, and he challenged the "grimme barone" to mortal combat.

informs us that Tearne-Wadling, is near Hesketh on the road from Penrith;—where there is a tradition still in existence that an old Castle once stood upon the spot.

Sir Gawaine, who seems to have been of a stature as gigantic as the famous Sir Hugh Cæsar, who is buried at Penrith, conquered him by enchantment: his sinews lost their strength, his arms sank powerless at his side; and he only received the boon of life at the hands of his enemy by swearing upon his faith as a knight, to return upon New Year's-day, and bring "true word what thing it was that women most desired."

Goe fetch my sword Excalibar:
Goe saddle mee my steede;
Nowe, by my faye, that grimme barône
Shall rue this ruthfulle deede.

And when he came to Tearne-Wadlinge,
Beneathe the castle-walle:
"Come forth; come forth; thou proude barône,
Or yielde thyself my thralle."

On magicke grounde that castle stoode,
And fenc'd with many a spelle:
Noe valiant knighte could tread thereon,
But straite his courage felle.

Forth then rush'd that carlish knight,
King Arthur felte the charme:
His sturdy sinews lost their strengthe,
Downe sunke his feeble arme.

Nowe yield thee, yield thee, King Arthùre,
Nowe yield thee, unto mee:
Or fighte with mee, or lose thy lande,
Noe better terms maye bee.

Unlesse thou sweare upon the rood,
And promise on thy faye,
Here to returne to Tearne-Wadling
Upon the new-yeare's daye:

And bringe me worde what thing it is
All women moste desyre:
This is thy ransome, Arthùre, he sayes,
Ile have noe other hyre.

King Arthur then helde up his hande,
And sweare upon his faye,
Then tooke his leave of the grimme barône,
And faste hee rode awaye.

And he rode east, and he rode west,
And did of all inquyre,
What thing it is all women crave,
And what they most desyre.

King Arthur made due inquiry; but it was not so easy a matter to discover the secret.

Some told him riches, pompe, or state;
Some rayment fine and brighte;
Some told him mirthe; some flatterye;
And some a jollye knighte:

In letters all King Arthur wrote,
And seal'd them with his ringe:
But still his minde was helde in doubte,
Each tolde a different thinge.

As New Year's-day approached, his tribulation increased; for though he might have told the "grimme

barone" with much truth many things that women did much desire, he was not at all sure that his version of what they most desired, would hit the fancy of the Lord of Tarn-Wadling, who had set him to expound the riddle. He would not give up, however, and one day :—

As ruthfulle he rode over a more,
He saw a ladye sitte
Between an oke, and a greene holléye,
All clad in "red scarlette."

Her nose was crookt and turned outwarde,
Her chin stoode all awreye;
And where as sholde have been her mouthe,
Lo ! there was set her eye :

Her haires, like serpents, clung aboute
Her cheekes of deadlye hewe :
A worse-form'd ladye than she was,
No man mote ever viewe.

This ill-conditioned damsel tells him the secret, however, upon condition that he will bring her a "fair and courtly knight to marry her,"—a condition which, considering all the circumstances, must have seemed to the good king as bad as the jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. The great secret is, as she expresses it, "that all women will have their wille, and this is their chief desyre," which Arthur forthwith tells to the "grimme barone;" and so acquits himself as far as he is concerned. The other trouble,

however, still remains, and fills the king's mind with anxiety. Queen Guenever, who was outraged as well as her husband by the opprobrious message of the "grimme barone," but who had never thought of the very obvious solution of the riddle he had been set, comes out to meet him on his return, and inquires how he has sped. He details his new tribulation in having promised to procure a fair knight to marry this ugly, mis-shapen creature. Comfort is nearer at hand than he thought, and Sir Gawaine, his own nephew, "his sister's son," bids him be merrye and lighte," for he will marry her, however foul and loathsome she may be. He does so accordingly:—

And when they were in wed-bed laid,
And all were done awaye:
"Come turne to mee, mine own, wed-lord;
Come turne to mee I praye."

Sir Gawaine scant could lift his head,
For sorrowe and for care;
When, lo! instead of that lothelye dame,
Hee sawe a young ladye faire.

Sweet blushes stayn'd her rud-red checke,
Her eyen were blacke as sloe;
The ripening cherrye swellde her lippe,
And all her necke was snowe.

Agreeably surprised at the change, Sir Gawaine soon learns to love the lady. She informs him that by a

cruel fate, she cannot be fair both night and day; and asks him which he prefers. He hints that the night would be most pleasant; to which she replies:—

What when gaye ladyes goe with their lordes
To drinke the ale and wine;
Alas! then I must hide myself,
I must not go, with mine?

"My faire ladyè sir Gawaine sayd,
I yield me to thy skille;
Because thou art my owne ladye
Thou shall have all thy wille."

The spell is broken. She tells him her history; and that henceforth she shall be fair both night and day.

My father was an aged knighte,
And yet it chanced soe,
He tooke to wife, a false ladyè,
Whiche broughte me to this woe.

Shee witch'd mee, being a faire younge maide,
In the greene forèst to dwelle;
And there to abide in lothlye shape,
Most like a fiend of helle.

Midst mores and mosses, woods, and wilds;
To lead a lonesome life:
Till some yong faire and courtlye knighte
Wolde marrye me to his wife:

Nor fully to gaine mine owne trewe shape,
Such was her devilish skille;
Until he wolde yielde to be ruled by mee,
And let mee have all my wille.

She witch'd my brother to a carlish boore,
And made him stiffe and stronge;
And built him a bowre on magicke grounde,
To live by rapine and wronge.

But now the spelle is broken throughe,
And wronge is turnde to righte;
Henceforth I shall bee a faire ladyè,
And hee a gentle knighte.

Another ballad equally celebrated, though not so beautiful, also relates to King Arthur's residence at Carlisle; and to the truth of the imputation cast upon Queen Guenever by the "grimme barone" of the last story. It is entitled "The Boy and the Mantle," commencing somewhat uncouthly:—

In the third day of may,
To Carleile did come
A kind curteous child
That cold much of wisdome.

This "child" brings that wondrous mantle which no lady who is not chaste can wear; and it is tried upon all the dames of the court. When Queen Guenever put it on, it was suddenly rent from the top to the bottom, and turned in succession all manner of colours, and is told as follows:—

God speed thee, king Arthur,
Sitting at thy meate:
And the godly queene Guénever,
I cannott her forgett.

I tell you, lords, in this hall;
I bid you all to 'heede';
Except you be the more surer
Is you for to dread.

He plucked out of his 'porterner,'
And longer wold not dwell,
He pulled forth a pretty mantle,
Betweene two nut-shells.

Have thou here, king Arthur;
Have thou here of mee,
Give itt to thy comely queene
Shapen as itt is alreadye.

Itt shall never become that wiffe,
That hath once done amisse.
Then every knight in the king's court
Began to care for 'his.'

Forth came dame Guénever;
To the mantle shee her 'hied';
The ladye shee was newfangle,
But yett shee was affrayd.

When she had taken the mantle;
She stoode as shee had beene madd:
It was from the top to the toe
As sheeres had itt shread.

One while was it 'gule';
Another while was itt greene;
Another while was it wadded:
Ill itt did her beseeme.

Another while was it blacke
And bore the worst hue:
By my troth, quoth king Arthur,
I thinke thou be not true.

Shee threw downe the mantle,
That bright was of blee;
Fast, with a rudd redd,
To her chamber can shee flee.

She curst the weaver, and the walker
That clothe that had wrought;
And bade a vengeance on his crowne,
That hither had it broughte.

The lady of Sir Kay, another of King Arthur's knights, tries it on with no better success; and the ballad thus corroborates the old traditions reported by the earliest historians, that the court of the British king was anything but a pure one "and that Queen Guenever was noted for breach of faith to her husband," especially with her husband's friend, Sir Lancelot du Lake,—the hero himself of many a goodly ballad; and of some passages in the *Morte Arthur*.

Mixing the real with the fabulous history of Carlisle, and taking both in chronological order, we must leave these ancient ballads to relate that during the period of the British kings, Carlisle suffered from the incursions of the Scots and Picts, by whom it was ultimately reduced to ruins. It was rebuilt by Egfrid, King of Northumberland, who surrounded and fortified it with a wall; founded a monastery and a college of secular priests. It was once more destroyed by the Danes, about the year 900, who

threw down the walls, burnt its houses, chiefly built of wood, and killed every person in it, man, woman, and child. It remained in ruins, it is believed, for nearly two hundred years. On the return of William Rufus from Alnwick, after concluding a peace with the turbulent Scotch, he passed over the remains of this once celebrated city, and observing that it must have been a place of great strength, and could be made so again, he resolved to rebuild it for the protection of the Border. He did so; and Carlisle became of more importance than it had ever been before. Its Castle was built and garrisoned; and every means taken to render it a stronghold both for offensive and defensive warfare. Henry the First completed what Rufus had so well begun, erected Carlisle into an episcopal see in the year 1132, making Athelwold, his confessor, the first Bishop.

In Evans's Collection of Old Ballads, is one relating to a Bishop of Carlisle at this early period. It is entitled "Bishop Thurston and the King of Scots"; and contains some beautiful passages which render it worthy of all the publicity that can be given to it; especially as the whole composition inculcates sentiments of abhorrence for warfare, rare at the time it was penned, but now happily in the ascendant. Soon after King Stephen's departure for Normandy, A.D. 1137, the King of Scotland entered England in a hostile manner, Stephen's government

was not in a position to resist an invasion at that time; and the miseries of war were averted by the interposition of the venerable Bishop Thurston, who prevailed upon the Scotch king to meet him at Roxburgh, and used such arguments as induced him to return to his own country in peace. They are said to have been arguments of Christian charity, and not the arguments of policy and the sword, which bishops as well as barons could use in those days. A few stanzas will show the excellent spirit of the ballad.

Through the fair country of Tiviotdale
King David marched forth,
King David and his princely son
The heroes of the North.

And holy Thurston fro' merry Carlisle,
In haste his way doth wind,
With many a cross bearer before,
And many a knight behind.

The arguments used by the Bishop to dissuade the invader, are of universal interest: and as applicable now as then:—

Out then spoke the holy Thurston,
And full of woe spake he,
"Oh Christ, thy kingdom of heavenly bliss,
Alas! when shall we see?

For here on earth is nought but sin
And kings for pride do ill,
And when they with each other war
The poor folks blood must spill.

What hath the husbandman done wrong
That he must spoil his grain?
And what the poor widow, and what the child,
That they must all be slain?

And what is the simple maid to blame
To be made of lust the prey?
And what the lowly village priest,
That they so oft do slay?

And when the doleful day of doom
Shall call ye from the grave,
From the crying blood of these innocents
What tyrants shall ye save?

* * * *

Now think thee well, Oh mortal king,
And thy misdeeds bemoan,
And think what will save thy hapless soul.
When all thy pomp is gone.

Nor fancy that alms will save thy soul
Though bounteous they be given;
Nor the rearing of abbeys all rich endowed
Will carry thy soul to heaven.

* * * *

From the time of Henry 1st the place began to prosper, though it appears from Stowe, that in 1289, a great portion of it was burned down. In the year 1300, King Edward the First summoned his Barons and Knights to meet him here on the feast-day of St. John the Baptist, to prepare for the invasion of Scot-

land; which was afterwards commenced by the siege of Carlaverock Castle. The same monarch also summoned a Parliament to meet here in the year 1307; —the last parliament of his reign. A complete list of the members who attended is to be found in Stowe's Annals; including, says the historian, "eighty-seven earls and barons, twenty bishops, sixty-one abbots and eight priors, besides many deacons, archdeacons, and other inferior clerks. The subject of their deliberations was the Scottish war, and the sore annoyance given by Robert Bruce. The king remained here from January, when the parliament was summoned, during all the winter and summer, disposing of many things concerning Scotland, at his pleasure:" but vexing himself to death at his inability, from sickness and other causes, to march against Robert Bruce. He had some revenge however, for a party of his men "capturing one Thomas, that was a knight, and one Alexander, that was a priest, and dean of Glasgow," who had been sent by Robert Bruce to "allure away the English people by gentle persuasion," he had them summarily hanged, drawn, and quartered, and placed their heads upon the gates of Carlisle—those gates where the heads of so many Scotchmen were afterwards to grin in ghastly horror until 1745.

Among the poetical and historical associations connected with Carlisle, the famous battle of Otterbourne, and the still more famous ballad which

celebrates it, must not be omitted. In the twelfth year of Richard II., A.D. 1388, the Scotch made a great raid over the Border, and ravaged the whole country about Carlisle, driving away large quantities of cattle, and taking no less than three hundred men prisoners. Another division of them extended their ravages into the counties of Northumberland and Durham; and grew so insolent as to render a vigorous effort necessary to crush them, on the part of the English.

It fell about the Lammas tide
When yeomen win their hay,
The doughty Douglass 'gan to ride
In England to take a prey.

The Earl of Fife withoute strife
He bound him over Solway.
The great wolde even together ride,
The race they may rue for aye.

The version of the ballad, as given by Percy, is the only one of the many versions extant which makes allusion to the party that ravaged Carlisle. The main interest is centred around Newcastle—and on the doings of the other division of the Scotch. There is, however, another ballad of which Carlisle is more exclusively the theme. It is somewhat less known to the English reader, not being found in Percy's Reliques; and describes a scene which was very common to the Border for a long period. As it

serves to illustrate the picturesque sketch of Mr. Gilbert on the opposite side, the principal portions of it, sufficient to tell the story, are here transcribed. In the year 1596, William Armstrong, of Kinmont, better known as Kinmont Willie, a noted reiver, or Border trooper, and stealer of Englishmen's cattle, was taken prisoner by Lord Scrope, the Warden of the Western Marches, and safely lodged in Carlisle Castle. A truce existed at the time between Lord Scrope and the Lord of Buccleugh, who severally watched over the interests of the English and Scottish sides of the Border; and the Lord of Buccleugh, incensed that the truce had been broken by the capture of Willie, demanded that he should be set at liberty. Lord Scrope refused; and the Lord of Buccleugh, with a small body of two hundred men, performed the daring feat of surprising the Castle of Carlisle, and rescuing his countryman. The "fause Sakelde," alluded to in the ballad, was the then possessor of Corby Castle, and Sheriff of Cumberland—the chief of the powerful family of the Salkeldes; and "Hairibee," was the slang phrase for the place of execution at Carlisle.

KINMONT WILLIE.

Oh have ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde,
Oh have ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scrope,
How they have taken bold Kinmont Willie
On Hairibee to hang him up?

J. Gilbert, Del.

T. Giles, Sculp.

RETURNING FROM A SUCCESSFUL BORDER INCURSION.

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Had Willie had but twenty men—
But twenty men as stout as he,
Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont ta'en
Wi' eight score in his company.

They bound his legs beneath the steed,
They tied his hands behind his back,
They guarded him, five score on each side,
And brought him over the Liddel-rack.

They led him through the Liddel-rack,
And also through the Carlisle sands,
They brought him to Carlisle Castell
To be at my Lord Scrope's commands.

* * * *
* * * *

Now word is gone to the bold keeper
In Branksome hall where that he lay,
That Lord Scrope had taken Kinmont Willie
Between the hours of night and day.

He struck the table with his hand,
He made the red wine spring on hie—
"Now Christ's curse on my head;" he said,
"But avenged on Lord Scrope I will be.

"Oh is my helmet a widow's cap,
Or my lance a wand of the willow-tree?
Or my arm a lady's lily hand,
That an English Lord should lightly me?

"And have they taken him, Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce of Border tide?
And forgotten that the bold Buccleugh
Is keeper here on the Scottish side?

"And have they taken him, Kinmont Willie,
Withouten either dread or fear,
And forgotten that the bold Buccleugh,
Can back a steed and shake a spear?

"O were there war between the lands,
As well I wot that there is none,
I would slight Carlisle Castell high,
Though it were builded of marble stone.

"I would set that Castell in a low,
And sloken it with English blood,
There's never a man in Cumberland
Should tell where Carlisle Castell stood.

"But since nae war's between the lands
And there is peace and peace should be;
I'll neither harm English lad or lass,
And yet the Kinmont shall go free."

* * * *
* * * *

Then on we held for Carlisle town
And at Staneshaw bank the Eden we crossed,
The water was great and mickle of spait
But there never a man nor horse we lost.

And when we reached the Staneshaw bank,
The wind was rising loud and hie,
And there the laird gar'd leave our steeds
For fear that they should stamp and nie.

And when we left the Staneshaw bank,
The wind began full loud to blaw,
But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
When we came beneath the castle wa'.

We crept on knees and held our breath,
Till we placed the ladders against the wa',
And ready was bold Buccleugh himself
To mount the first before us a'.

He has ta'en the watchman by the throat,
He flung him down upon the lead;
"Had there not been peace between our land,
Upon the other side thou hadst gaed'.

"Now sound our trumpet," quoth Buccleugh
Let's waken Lord Scrope, right merrilie
Then loud the Warder's trumpet blew,
"*Wha daur meddle wi' me?*"

* * * *
* * * *

Wi' coulters and wi' forehammers
We garred the bars bang merrilie
Until we came to the inner prison,
Where Kinmont Willie he did lie.

And when we came to the lower prison,
Where Kinmont Willie he did lie,
"Oh sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
Upon the morn that thou's to die?"

"Oh, I sleep saft, and I wake aft,
Its long since sleeping was fley'd frae me,
Gie my service back to my wife and bairns
And a' gude fellows that spier for me!"

The Red Rowan has lifted him up
The starkest man in Teviotdale,
"Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
Till of Lord Scrope I take farewell.

"Farewell, farewell, my good Lord Scrope,
My good Lord Scrope, farewell," he cried,
"I'll pay you for my lodging maill,
When first we meet on the Border side."

Then shoulder high with shout and cry,
We bore him down the ladder lang,
At every stride Red Rowan made
I wot the Kinmont's airms played clang.

"Oh mony a time," quoth Kinmont Willie,
"I have ridden horse both wild and woad,
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan,
I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode!"

* * * *
* * * *

We searce had reached the Haneshaw bank,
When all the Carlisle hills were rung,
And a thousand men on horse and foot
Came wi' the keen Lord Scrope along.

Buccleugh has turned to Eden water,
Even where it flowed from bank to brim,
And he has plunged in wi' a' his band
And safely swam them thro' the stream.

He turned him on the other side,
And at Lord Scrope his glove flung he,
"If ye like na' my visit in merry England,
In fair Scotland come visit me!"

This was a daring exploit, and has been gallantly sung. The words seem to come out of the mouth of one of the very moss troopers who had acted a part in the achievement, and the whole composition

is rough but finely flavoured: and strongly dramatic. Queen Elizabeth when she heard of it was highly indignant, and "stormed not a little." Two years afterwards the "bold Buccleugh" was in England, and Elizabeth was anxious to see so doughty a chieftain. He was presented accordingly, and Elizabeth in a rough and peremptory manner demanded of him how he had dared to undertake an enterprise so desperate and presumptuous? "*What is it,*" replied the undaunted Scot, "*that a man dare not do?*" Elizabeth, struck with his boldness, turned to a lord in waiting and said, "with ten thousand men such as this, our brother of Scotland might shake the firmest throne in Europe."

There is another ballad, relating to the same Lord Scrope, and the execution of a noted reiver, named "Hughie the Graeme," who had made woful havoc in his time among the farmsteads of the Marches, and the cattle of "merry England." Hughie did not escape Hairibee; the actual offence for which he suffered was his stealing the Bishop of Carlisle's mare. The following is the ballad:

HUGHIE THE GRAEME.

Gude Lord Scroope's to the hunting gane,
He has ridden o'er moss and muir;
And he has grippit Hughie the Graeme,
For stealing o' the bishop's mare.

"Now, good Lord Scroope, this may not be!
Here hangs a broadsword by my side;
And if that thou canst conquer me,
The matter it may soon be tryed."

"I ne'er was afraid of a traitor thief;
Although my name be Hughie the Graeme,
I'll make thee repent thee of thy deeds,
If God but grant me life and time."

"Then do your worst now, good Lord Scroope,
And deal your blows as hard as you can;
It shall be tried within an hour,
Which of us two is the better man."

But as they were dealing their blows so free,
And both so bloody at the time,
Over the moss came ten yeomen so tall,
All for to take brave Hughie the Graeme.

Then they ha'e gribbit Hughie the Graeme,
And brought him up through Carlisle town;
The lasses and lads stood on the walls,
Crying, "Hughie the Graeme, thou'se ne'er gae down!"

Then ha'e they chosen a jury of men,
The best that were in Carlisle town;
And twelve of them cried out at once,
"Hughie the Graeme, thou must gae down!"

Then up bespake him gude Lord Hume,
As he sat by the judge's knee,—
"Twenty white owsen, my gude lord,
If you'll grant Hughie the Graeme to me."

"O no, O no, my gude lord Hume!
Forsooth and sae it mauna be;
For were there but three Graemes of the name,
They suld be hanged a' for me."

'Twas up and spake the gude Lady Hume,
As she sat by the judge's knee,—
"A peck of white pennies, my gude lord judge,
If you'll grant Hughie the Graeme to me."

"O no, O no, my gude Lady Hume!
Forsooth and so it mustna be;
Were he but the one Graeme of the name,
He suld be hanged high for me."

"If I be guilty," said Hughie the Graeme,
"Of me my friends shall have small talk;"
And he has leoped fifteen feet and three,
Tho' his hands they were tied behind his back.

He looked over his left shoulder,
And for to see what he might see:
There was he aware of his ould father,
Came tearing his hair most piteously.

"O hauld your tongue, my father," he says,
"And see that ye dinna weep for me!
For they may ravish me o' my life,
But they canna banish me fro' heaven hie.

"Fare ye weel, fair Maggie, my wife!
The last time we came ower the muir,
'Twas thou bereft me of my life,
And wi' the bishop thou play'd the whore.

Here, Johnie Armstrong, take thou my sword,
That is made o' the metal sae fine;
And when thou comest to the English side,
Remember the death of Hughie the Graeme."

There are two or more versions of the foregoing; one in Ritson's Collection; and one communicated by

Burns to Johnson's Museum. The ballad of Hobbie Noble relates to a hero of the same stamp, who suffered about the same period, at the same place, for a similar love for English oxen and sheep. Hobbie was an Englishman; who, finding less difference in the laws of "mine and thine," on the Scotch side of the Border, and more sympathy with such loose notions of property as he possessed, established himself among the Scotch, and helped them to ravage the country to Carlisle southward, whenever opportunity offered. The Scotch, however, proved false to him. The Armstrongs, amongst whom he was residing, were bribed by the English, to decoy him over the Border upon pretence of a raid or foray; where he was delivered up to a party from Carlisle Castle, that had long been on the look out for him. By these he was taken to Carlisle, and hanged on Hairibee in less than twenty-four hours afterwards.

HOBBIE NOBLE.

Foul fa' the breast first treason bred in!
That Liddesdale may safely say:
For in it there was baith meat and drink,
And corn unto our geldings gay.

And we were a' stout-hearted men,
As England she might often say;
But now we may turn our backs and flee,
Since brave Noble is sold away.

Now Hobbie was an English man,
And born into Bewcastle dale ;
But his misdeeds they were so great,
They banish'd him to Liddesdale.

At Kershope foot the tryst was set,
Kershope of the lilye lee ;
And there was traitor Sim o' the Mains,
And with him a private companie.

Then Hobbie has graithed his body fair,
Baith wi' the iron and wi' the steil ;
And he has ta'en out his fringed grey,
And there, brave Hobbie, he rade him weel.

Then Hobbie is down the water gane,
E'en as fast as he could hie !
Tho' a' should ha'e bursten and broken their hearts,
Frae that riding tryst he wad na be.

"Weel be ye met, my feres five !
And now, what is your will wi' me ?"
Then they cried a' wi' ae consent,
Thou'rt welcome here, brave Noble, to me.

"Wilt thou with us into England ride,
And thy safe warrand we will be ?
If we get a horse, worth a hundred pound,
Upon his back thou sune sall be."

"I dare not by day into England ride ;
The land-serjeant has me at feid :
And I know not what evil may betide,
For Peter of Whitfield, his brother, is dead.

And Anton Shiel he loves not me,
For I gat twa drifts o' his sheep ;
The great Earl of Whitfield loves me not,
For nae gear frae me he e'er could keep.

But will ye stay till the day gae down,
Untill the night come o'er the grund,
And I'll be a guide worth ony twa,
That may in Liddesdale be found?

Though the night be black as pick and tar
I'll guide ye o'er yon hill sae hie,
And bring ye a' in safety back,
If ye'll be true, and follow me."

He has guided them o'er moss and muir,
O'er hill and hope, and mony a down;
Until they came to the Foulbogshiel,
And there, brave Noble, he lighted down.

But word is gane to the land-serjeant,
In Askerton where that he lay—
"The deer, that ye hae hunted sae lang,
Is seen into the Waste this day."

"Then Hobbie Noble is that deer!
I wot he carries the style fu' hie;
Aft has he driven our bluidhounds back,
And set ourselves at little lee.

"Gar warn the bows of Hartlie burn;
See they sharp their arrows on the wa':
Warn Willeva and Speir Edom,
And see the morn they meet me a'.

"Gar meet me on the Rodric-haugh,
And see it be by break o' day;
And we will on to Conscouthart-green,
For there, I think, we'll get our prey."

Then Hobbie Noble has dreimit a dreim,
In the Foulbogshiel, where that he lay;
He dreimit his horse was aneith him shot,
And he himself got hard away.

The cocks could craw, the day could daw,
And I wot sae even fell down the rain ;
Had Hobbie na wakened at that time,
In the Foulbogshiel he had been ta'en or slain.

"Awake, awake, my feres five !
I trow here make a fu' ill day ;
Yet the worst cloak o' this company,
I hope, shall cross the Waste this day."

Now Hobbie thought the gates were clear,
But, even alas ! it was na sae :
They were beset by cruel men and keen,
That away brave Hobbie might na gae.

" Yet follow me, my feres five,
And see ye keip of me guid ray ;
And the worst cloak o' this company
Even yet may cross the Waste this day."

But the land-serjeant's men came Hobbie before,
The traitor Sim came Hobbie behin',
So had Noble been wight as Wallace was,
Away, alas ! he might na win.

Then Hobbie had but a laddie's sword ;
But he did mair than a laddie's deed ;
For that sword had cleared Conscouthart-green,
Had it not broke o'er Jerswigham's head.

Then they ha'e ta'en brave Hobbie Noble,
Wi's ain bowstring the band him sae ;
But his gentle heart was ne'er sae sair,
As when his ain five bound him on the brae.

They ha'e ta'en him on for west Carlisle ;
They asked him if, he ken'd the way ?
Tho' much he thought, yet little he said ;
He knew the gate as weel as they.

They ha'e ta'en him up the Ricker-gate ;
The wives they cast their windows wide ;
And every wife to another can say,
"'That's the man loosed Jock o' the Side !"

"Fy on ye, women ! why ca' ye me man ?
For it's nae man that I'm used like ;
am but like a forfoughen hound,
Has been fighting in a dirty syke."

They ha'e had him up thro' Carlisle town,
And set him by the chimney fire ;
They gave brave Noble a loaf to eat,
And that was little his desire.

They gave him a wheaten loaf to eat,
And after that a can of beer;
And they a' cried, with one consent,
"Eat, brave Noble, and make gude cheir !

Confess my lord's horse Hobbie," they said,
"And to-morrow in Carlisle thou's na die."
"How can I confess them," Hobbie says,
"When I never saw them with my e'e ?"

The Hobbie has sworn a fu' great aith,
Bi the day that he was gotten and born,
He never had ony thing o' my lord's,
That either eat him grass or corn.

"Now fare thee weel, sweet Mangerton !
For I think again I'll ne'er thee see :
I wad ha'e betrayed nae lad nor alive,
For a' the gowd o' Christentie.

And fare thee weel, sweet Liddesdale !
Baith the hie laild and the law ;
Keep ye weel frae the traitor Mains !
For gowd and gear he'll sell ye a'.

Yet wad I rather be ca'd Hobbie Noble,
In Carlisle, where he suffers for his fau't,
Than I'd be ca'd the traitor Mains,
That eats and drinks o' the meal and maut."

Referring the reader to Percy's Reliques for "Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesley," a long and interesting ballad of this period, or somewhat earlier, we conclude this portion of the poetical antiquities of Carlisle, by a very beautiful and touching ballad "The lament of the Border Widow." It is founded upon the story of Cockburn of Henderland—a noted disturber of the English districts; who did not, however, suffer at Carlisle, though he had ravaged its neighbourhood; nor at the hands of the English, whose laws he had violated. James the Fifth, scandalized at the excesses of these Border reivers, made an excursion into their country in 1529, and executed summary justice upon several of the most turbulent and lawless of them, including the famous Johnnie Armstrong, Adam Scott of Tushielaw, and Cockburn of Henderland. The latter was hanged by the king's order, over the gate of his own keep, or tower, while his lady fled to the banks of a mountain stream, called the Henderland Burn, and sat down at the foot of a foaming cataract, to drown, amid the sound of the roaring waters, the noise of the drums that announced the close of her husband's existence. The place where she sat

is still shewn to the stranger. The author of the Ballad is unknown. It was taken down from recitation, in the Ettrick Forest:—and is as affecting a ballad as any in the language, abounding with touches of genuine pathos, and most lovely simplicity of sorrow. Exquisite is the whole composition; and the passages in italics are worthy of the greatest of poets.

My love, he built me a bonnie bower,
And clad it a' wi' lilye flower,
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man, by middle day
He spied his sport, and went away,
And brought the king that very night,
Who brake my bower and slew my knight.

He slew my knight to me sae dear,
He slew my knight and poined his gear;
My servants all for life did flee
And left me in extremitie.

I sewed his sheet, making my moan,
I watched the corpse, myself alone,
I watched the body night and day,
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat,
I digged a grave and laid him in,
And happed him with the sod sae green.

But think nae ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the mould on his yellow hair!
Oh think na ye my heart was wae
When I turned about away to gae!

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain,
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll bind my heart for evermair.

The devoted wife was buried with her husband. In a deserted burial place, which once surrounded the keep of Henderland, the monument was lately, and perhaps is still, to be seen. It is a large stone, broken into three parts, but some armorial bearings are traceable, and the following inscription — legible though much defaced, "HERE LYES PERYS OF COKBURNE AND HIS WYFE MARJORY."

During the civil wars of the "Roses," Carlisle suffered severely; sometimes from the one party and sometimes from the other — a calamity which it shared, however, with all the other principal towns of the kingdom. In the formidable rising against Henry the Eighth, led originally by Sir Robert Aske, and known as the Pilgrimage of Grace, the city was besieged by 8,000 men. They were under the command of Nicholas Musgrave, Thomas Gilly, and others, who appeared as leaders of the movement, after it had been abandoned by Aske and its other originators. The citizens, knowing that the Duke of Norfolk was marching to their relief, sallied out upon

their besiegers, and put them to flight. Seventy of the leaders were captured by the Duke; but Musgrave, the prime mover, escaped. The others were hanged and beheaded, and their heads placed upon the gates of the city. This happened in the year 1537. Little more than a century afterwards, Carlisle suffered a severer siege by the Scotch and Parliamentary forces, under General Lesley. It was defended for the Royalists by Sir Thomas Glenham; and surrendered on the 28th of June, 1645, after having held out for more than six months. During the siege, the distress of the garrison and the inhabitants was so severe, that the flesh of horses, dogs, rats, and other vermin was eaten. Bread was exhausted and hemp-seed substituted; which in its turn became so dear as to be unpurchasable by all except the most wealthy. A coinage of silver pieces, of three shillings value, was instituted in the castle during the siege, from the plate of the inhabitants which was sent in for the purpose. The diary of Isaac Tullie, a resident in the city during the siege, preserved among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, states that "the citizens were so shrunk from starvation, that they could not choose but laugh at one another, to see their clothes hang upon them as upon men on gibbets, for one might put one's head and fists between the doublets and shirts of many of them."

In 1745, Prince Charles Edward Stuart, "the

Young Pretender," of the English, "Bonnie Prince Charlie," the darling of the Scotch, the "Young Chevalier," along with the Duke of Perth, and an army of Highlanders, laid siege to Carlisle. The city was at that time but feebly garrisoned by some militia and two small companies of invalids, under the command of Colonel Durand, and surrendered to the Chevalier on the 14th of November. The annexed account of the siege, was written by an eye-witness, and is extracted from the Gentleman's Magazine of November, 1745:—

"On Saturday, the 9th, afternoon, about three o'clock, a body of the rebels appeared at Stanwix Bank, within a quarter of a mile of Carlisle; and, it being the market day there, they mixed with the country people returning home, so that it was not possible for the garrison to fire upon them for some time, without risque of injuring their neighbours along with their enemies; but in less than half an hour, the country people dispersed themselves, and then the garrison of the castle fired a ten-gun battery upon them, which, 'tis believed, killed several; then, night coming on, they retreated to a greater distance from the city, and the garrison stood all night under arms. At two in the morning a thick fog came on, which remained 'till twelve next day, when it cleared up for about an hour, and then the garrison discovered the rebels approaching to attack the city in three several parties, viz.: one at Stanwix Bank,

commanded by the Duke of Perth; a second at *Shading gate-lane*, commanded by the Marquis of Tullibardine, who also had the artillery; and a third in Blackwell Fields, where the Pretender commanded the rest of their body, facing the English Gate.

"Upon discovering these three parties approaching so near the city, the garrison fir'd upon them, viz. the four-gun battery upon the Marquis of Tullibardine, who was heard to say, 'gentlemen, we have not metal for them, retreat;' which they immediately did, and disappeared. The turret guns and the citadel guns were fir'd upon the Pretender's division, where the white flag was display'd, which was seen to fall; about the same time the nine-gun battery was fired upon the Duke of Perth's division, who also retir'd. Then the thick fog struck in again, and all the inhabitants of the city expected nothing but a general assault would be made by the rebels, against which the walls were lin'd with men; and Sir John Pennington, Dr. Waugh, chancellor, Humphrey Senhouse, Joseph Dacre Dalston, of Acorn-bank, Esqrs., with several other gentlemen of note, stood all night under arms, to encourage and assist them. The militia was also drawn up at the foot of Castle-street, to be ready, in case of a forcible attack, to relieve and reinforce the men on the walls. On Monday morning, the fog still continuing thick, the garrison could not observe the situation of the rebels, but heard their pipers playing not far from the English gate.

About ten o'clock a man was let down from the city walls, to reconnoitre the enemy, and he found they were retiring towards Warwick bridge. After noon other spies were likewise detach'd to observe their motions, and discover'd a great number remain'd about Warwick bridge; but the Pretender, with his guard and attendants, were advanc'd to Brampton, where they lodg'd themselves that night; and on Tuesday they lay idle from all action, except feats of rapine and plunder; for they spent the day in hunting and destroying the sheep of Lord Carlisle's tenants, and bearing off the country people's geese and other poultry. They also seiz'd upon all the horses they could lay hands on, without any question relating to value or property; notwithstanding they declare the design of their expedition is to redress grievances and correct abuses. Tuesday night the rebels slept quietly with full bellies. On Wednesday morning, about ten o'clock, they displayed the white flag at Warwick bridge-end, to which they were about three hours in repairing. About one o'clock, the Young Pretender, attended by Lord George Murray, the Duke of Perth, and several others, besides those called his guards, came to them; upon which they formed themselves, and began to march again to Carlisle, in the following order. First, two (named hussars) in Highland dresses, and high rough red caps, like pioneers: next followed half a dozen of the chief leaders, followed by a kettle drum; then

the Pretender's son, at the head of about one hundred and ten horse, called his guards, two and two a-breast; after these a confused multitude of all sorts of mean people, to the number (as was supposed) of about 6,000. In this order they advanced to the height of Warwick Moor; when they halted about half an hour, and took an attentive view of the city. From thence the foot took the lead, and so marched to Carlisle about three in the afternoon; when they began a fresh assault, and the citizens renewed their fire. On Thursday, it was discovered that the rebels had thrown up a trench, which intimidated the town, and in a consultation it was resolved to capitulate; a deputation was sent to the Pretender at Brampton, and the town and castle delivered up on Friday morning."

This victory of the Stuart party was but of short duration and little benefit. The Duke of Cumberland arrived with his army, on Saturday, the 21st of December, the garrison displayed a flag of truce, and surrendered. Gallows Hill, about a mile south of Carlisle, was the place of execution selected for the unfortunate Scotchmen. Until nearly the end of the last century the remains of the gibbet were to be seen here; and at the foot of it, the ashes of the fire used in burning the bodies of those who suffered for high treason.

With this event ends both the historical and poetical interest of Carlisle. The walls of the city long

displayed the hideous mementos of the downfall of the Stuarts; — a circumstance alluded to by David Hume in his inscription on the windows of the Bush Inn, when he visited Carlisle, two or three years afterwards—

> "Here chicks, in eggs for breakfast sprawl;
> Here godless boys, God's glories squall:
> *While Scotsmen's heads adorn the wall:*
> But Corby's Walks atone for all."*

Carlisle Castle and the Cathedral merit some description. The history of the former has been told in the ballads; the history of the latter will be more easily disposed of. The castle has entirely lost its importance. It stands at the north-west angle of the city, and is supposed to be on the site of the old

* Sir Walter Scott imagined these to be the only verses he ever wrote:—but he was mistaken, as the Life and Correspondence of the historian and philosopher, lately published from original documents by Mr. Hill Burton, will testify. In a letter to Mr. Morritt, dated Abbotsford, 2nd October, 1815, and published in Lockhart's Life, Sir Walter says, in allusion to these four lines: "Would it not be a good quiz to advertise 'The Poetical Works of David Hume,' with notes, critical, historical, and so forth, with a historical inquiry into the use of eggs for breakfast: a physical discussion on the causes of their being addled; a history of the English Church Music, and of the choir at Carlisle in particular; a full account of the affair of 1745, with the trials, last speeches, and so forth, of the poor *plaids* who were strapped up at Carlisle; and lastly, a full and particular description of Corby, with the genealogy of every family who ever possessed it? I think, even without more than the usual waste of margin, the poems of David would make a decent twelve shilling touch."

Roman fort. It consists of an outward and inner ward, the walls of the outward ward being nine feet in thickness, and about eighteen in height; those of the inner ward being about twelve feet thick. On the east side, within this ward, is the great square tower, built of reddish stone. Within this ward is a deep well, said to have been made by the Romans. The old portcullis is still to be seen on entering the outer gate. Above it a defaced piece of work represents the arms of Henry the Seventh. The governor's house, now an hospital, stands facing the entrance on the opposite side of the yard. To the left of the governor's house is the armoury, and a range of new buildings appropriated for the residence of the officers. In this fortress Mary Queen of Scots was detained a prisoner, after the fatal battle of Langside, near Glasgow; and here her unfortunate acquaintance commenced with the accomplished Duke of Norfolk, an acquaintance which was the means of leading that distinguished nobleman to the block. Until lately the apartments in which she was lodged, commonly called "Queen Mary's Tower," were shewn to visitors; but on account of the insecure state of the foundation, have been taken down. They were situated at the eastern angle of the building. From the top of the castle, or from the ramparts, the prospect is most beautiful. In the foreground are the meadows washed by the Eden, part of which is insulated by a division of the river. To

the westward is the Solway Frith, with the hills of Scotland beyond, surmounted by Criffle, and a chain of hills extending westward as far as the eye can reach; to the east, a rich cultivated plain, bounded by the heights of Northumberland, and to the south, the plains towards Penrith, with Cross Fell and Skiddaw. The cathedral dedicated to "The Holy and undivided Trinity," is situated in the centre of the city, in Castle-street. Pennant says, in his first tour in Scotland, that it was begun in the time of William Rufus, by Walter, who was deputy of those parts; and it may be inferred from what is yet remaining, that the old building, when entire, was a noble and solemn edifice. It is now very imperfect, however; for Cromwell, who had small respect for cathedrals and castles, violated its sanctity, and pulled down part of it to build barracks. He did not, however, destroy all vestiges of the age and character of the structure. There still remain some portions of it which were built in the Saxon period. There remains also a more modern part, built in the reign of Edward the Third. This king had an apartment in the Cathedral, where he sometimes took up his residence during his superintendence of those wars which he carried on against the Scottish nation.

The present edifice consists of the east limit of the cross, which forms the chancel, and the cross aisle or transept, with the tower; the greater part of the west limb of the cross being that which Cromwell

pulled down in 1641. The east window is the chief beauty of the cathedral; and said to be not only the finest but the largest in England. It is forty-eight feet in height and thirty in width; and preferred by those who have seen both, and are competent judges, to the famous west window in York Cathedral. The choir was begun by Bishop Welton, in the reign of Edward the Third, and finished by the succeeding bishops, Appleby and Strickland; the expenses being chiefly defrayed by subscriptions. In arches formed in the walls of the aisles, are some monumental effigies, mitred. The height of the tower, which is ascended in the inside by a flight of narrow stone stairs, is one hundred and twenty-seven feet. On the screens in the aisles are several paintings of the history of Saint Augustine, Saint Anthony, &c. Adjoining the transept, in the south aisle, is a small chapel, dedicated to St. Catherine, which was founded and endowed by John de Capella, a citizen of Carlisle. The length of the choir is one hundred and thirty-seven feet, its height seventy-five, and its breadth, including the aisles, seventy-one. The breadth of the transept is twenty-eight feet, and its length one hundred and twenty-four. Above the entrance to the choir is a very fine organ, erected in 1806. To the Cathedral belong a Bishop, a Dean, a Chancellor, and Archdeacon, four Prebendaries, eight Minor Canons, four Lay-canons, six Choristers, and six Almsmen.

A tablet erected in the middle of the north aisle is consecrated to the memory of Archdeacon Paley—the celebrated William Paley, the author of a Moral Philosophy that is going out of repute—and the "Pigeon Paley" of King George the Third. He died on the 25th of May, 1805, aged 62 years, and was buried under the tablet as the inscription testifies; but no Bishop, on account of his disfavour with his monarch, for his very just but for him unfortunate Pigeon illustration of the evils of aristocracy.

Carlisle in the present day is chiefly celebrated for its whips and hats; and for its present beauty and past history, is among the most pleasant and certainly among the most remarkable of the towns of England.

RELATIVE DIMENSIONS

OF

THE LAKES.

	Greatest length.	Greatest width.	Depth.
	Miles.	Miles.	Feet.
Windermere, Westmoreland and Lancashire	10	1	240
Ulleswater, Cumberland and Westmoreland	9	1	210
Coniston Water, Lancashire	6	¾	160
Bassenthwaite, Cumberland	4	1	68
Derwent Water, Cumberland	3	1½	72
Crummock Water, Cumberland	3	¾	132
Wast Water, Cumberland	3½	¾	270
Hawes Water, Westmoreland	3	½	—
Leathes Water, Cumberland	3	¼	108
Ennerdale Water, Cumberland	2½	¾	80
Esthwaite Water, Lancashire	2	½	80
Buttermere, Cumberland	1¼	½	—
Grasmere, Westmoreland	1	½	180
Lowes Water, Cumberland	1	¼	—
Brother Water, Westmoreland	¾	½	—
Ryal Water, Westmoreland	½	⅓	—
Elter Water, Westmoreland, and Over Water, said to be the smallest of the Lakes, near Bassenthwaite.			

LIST OF WATERFALLS

IN

THE LAKE DISTRICT,

WITH THEIR RELATIVE HEIGHTS.

	Height in Feet.
Scale Force, South-west side of Crummock	156
Barrow Fall, East side of Derwent	124
Lodore, East side of Derwent	100
Colwith Force, Little Langdale	90
Airey Force, West side of Ulleswater	80
Dungeon Gill, South-east side of Langdale Pikes	80
Stock Gill Force, Ambleside	70
Birker Force, South side of Eskdale	60
Stanley Gill, South side of Eskdale	60
Sour Milk Force, South side of Buttermere	60
Upper Fall Rydal, Rydal Park	50
Skelwith Force, River Brathay, flowing from Elterwater, near the bridge	20

PRINCIPAL MOUNTAINS

OF

THE LAKE DISTRICT.

	Height in Feet.
Scawfell Pike, Cumberland	3160
Scawfell, Cumberland	3092
Helvellyn, Cumberland and Westmoreland	3055
Skiddaw, Cumberland	3022
Fairfield, Westmoreland	2950
Great Gavel, Cumberland	2925
Bowfell, Westmoreland	2911
Rydal Head, Westmoreland	2910
Pillar, Cumberland	2893
Saddleback, Cumberland	2787
Grasmoor, Cumberland	2756
Red Pike, Cumberland	2750
High Street, Westmoreland	2700
Grisedale Pike, Cumberland	2680
Coniston Old Man, Lancashire	2576
Hill Bell, Westmoreland	2500
Harrison Stickle, Pike o'Stickle, Langdale Pikes, Westmoreland	2400 2300
Carrock Fell, Cumberland	2110
High Pike, Culdbeck Fell, Cumberland	2101
Causey Pike, Cumberland	2030
Black Combe, Cumberland	1919
Lord's Seat, Cumberland	1728
Wansfell, Westmoreland	1590

	Height in Feet.
Whinfell Beacon, near Kendal, Westmoreland	1500
Cat Bell, Cumberland	1448
Latrigg, Cumberland	1160
Dent Hill, Cumberland	1110
Benson Knott, near Kendal, Westmoreland	1098
Loughrigg Fell, Westmoreland	1108
Penrith Beacon, Cumberland	1020
Mell Fell, Cumberland	1000
Kendal Fell, Westmoreland	684
Scilly Bank, near Whitehaven, Cumberland	500

HEIGHTS OF PRINCIPAL PASSES

IN

THE LAKE DISTRICT.

Sty Head, near Wast Water, Cumberland	1250
Haws, between Buttermere-dale and Newlands, Cumberland	1160
Haws, between Buttermere and Borrowdale, Cumberland	1100
Dunmaile Raise, Cumberland and Westmoreland	720

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A word more in parting with regard to the illustrations, of which there are upwards of seventy—Mr. M'Kewan has well performed the task allotted to him, and his sketches have been admirably interpreted through the lithographic and wood engravings of Thomas and Edward Gilks.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

Every lover of the sublime and picturesque, be he a tourist or stay-at-home traveller, will thank Miss Costello for this delightful pocket quarto; it is, from first to last, a pleasant narrative, interspersed with just enough antiquarianism to prevent the reader being misled; a poetic appreciation of the celebrated localities in his route; and very charming descriptions of its most sublime scenes and objects. The pages are crowded with attractions and associations of the higher class of thought. Meanwhile, in the work before us, authoress and artist have worked in a kindred spirit. It is illustrated with sixteen admirable lithographic sketches, and some fifty exquisite vignettes on wood, the whole executed by Thomas and Edward Gilks, from original drawings by D. H. M'Kewan. The vignettes especially have an artistical spirit which is rarely attained in wood engraving.

ATLAS.

We have visited many of the places here written of by Miss Costello, and can bear good testimony to the excellence of her work—to its usefulness as a 'hand-book' for travellers in Wales—and to the truthful sketches it contains, literary and pictorial. No one who intends visiting the "Falls, Lakes, and Mountains of North Wales," should depart unprovided with this most admirable pictorial guide.

SPECTATOR.

A pleasant and lively description of the scenery and antiquities of North Wales, indicating the picturesque beauties, and historical and legendary associations of the most attractive spots. The number of capital wood-cuts, and slight but effective lithographic sketches, render it attractive as a picture-book: and the traditions and anecdotes introduced, make it readable at home; but its chief value is as a hand-book for the tourist; its large type and compact form fitting it for the carriage, or even the knapsack of the pedestrian.

ATHENÆUM.

There is no cabining of the desires when so pleasant a temptress as Miss Costello invites us northward to look at the Eagle Tower, Caernarvon, St. Winifred's Well, Fall of the Swallow, and we know not what beside. * * * Miss Costello is diligent in her collection of legends, and paints landscapes, as all the world knows, well,—*vide* her picture of Bodelwyddan, near St. Asaph's. The book is handsomely got up, and liberally illustrated with beautiful wood-cuts, and spirited tinted lithographs.

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PICTORIAL TIMES.

Miss Costello is, indeed, a patriot, thus to devote her talents for description to the much neglected beauties of North Wales. Where in all Europe can more lovely spots be found than amongst the lakes of Cumberland, or the mountains and falls of North Wales? And yet these gems of natural beauty are comparatively unvisited. To guide the tourist on his way, Miss Costello gives in her volume a useful travelling map; and, moreover, enriches it by sketches of all the most interesting scenes on the route.

AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.

Miss Costello has this month presented a charming contribution to home tourists. It is gratifying to find that she has brought her exquisite sense of the picturesque, and vivid appreciation of local historical association, always simple and unpretending in their enunciation, to bear upon a portion of Great Britain. * * * The work is profusely illustrated by sketches taken on the spot, by Mr. D. H. M'Kewan, and by wood-cuts, beautifully executed by Gilks, one of our best wood-engravers; and not only is it the most inviting guide-book hitherto presented to tourists, but the existence of so attractive a volume is likely to allure many to become acquainted with the beauties of our own land without going to seek for them abroad.

TAIT'S MAGAZINE.

This very pretty volume forms a picturesque tour of the principality, and in many particulars a guide also; and a charming one, as it touches only upon engaging and delightful things and topics. It is made up of romantic legends and traditions, and descriptions of local scenery. The topics are judiciously and tastefully selected, picturesquely or poetically treated, and not dwelt upon too long; so that much is comprehended in small space.

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Miss Costello has presented her readers with a very delightful volume, whether we regard the lively and interesting descriptions of the various natural objects and relics of antiquity which are under her notice, or the pleasing and well-executed illustrations which embellish the book.

JOURNAL OF THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

The book before us is a new proof of the increasing taste for archæology, and is well calculated to draw popular attention not only to the beautiful scenery, but to the interesting monuments and traditions of Wales. It is written in a pleasing style; and the text does no less credit to its fair authoress, than the illustrations to her artists and engravers.

GLASGOW ARGUS.

Innumerable as are the illustrated works having for their object the guidance of the tourist through the most beautiful and picturesque scenery, their appearance is always hailed with gratification, and generally rewarded with liberal patronage. The work before us is entitled to both. The pen is made to jog along in pleasant companionship with the pencil; and, as we have them here, two more agreeable associates it is impossible to conceive. Miss Costello alludes most pleasantly to 'aged mote,' and 'ivy-mantled tower;' and there is an artistic character about her descriptions which we rarely find in such works. * * * D. H. M'Kewan represents the crayon, and wields it in a manner which argues for him a fast coming fame. * * * The translation of the vignettes reflects great credit upon Thomas and Edward Gilks, the wood-engravers, who have caught the fervor of the artist, and followed it out in a sympathetic and quite unmechanical spirit.

INVERNESS JOURNAL.

This volume is well got up in drawing-room attire, and is evidently intended as an intellectual companion in such quarters. If that spirit of pride which ought to animate the mind of a nation be still extant in Wales, it must feel grateful to Miss Costello. The style is simple and elegant. But it must be confessed that others share with Miss Costello much of the merit of the book—these are the artists. Whoever reads it must feel indebted to the talents of Messrs. Gilks and M'Kewan. There are sixteen lithographic sketches, and fifty-five illustrations on wood—all by these gentlemen who have made it a perfect panorama in miniature.

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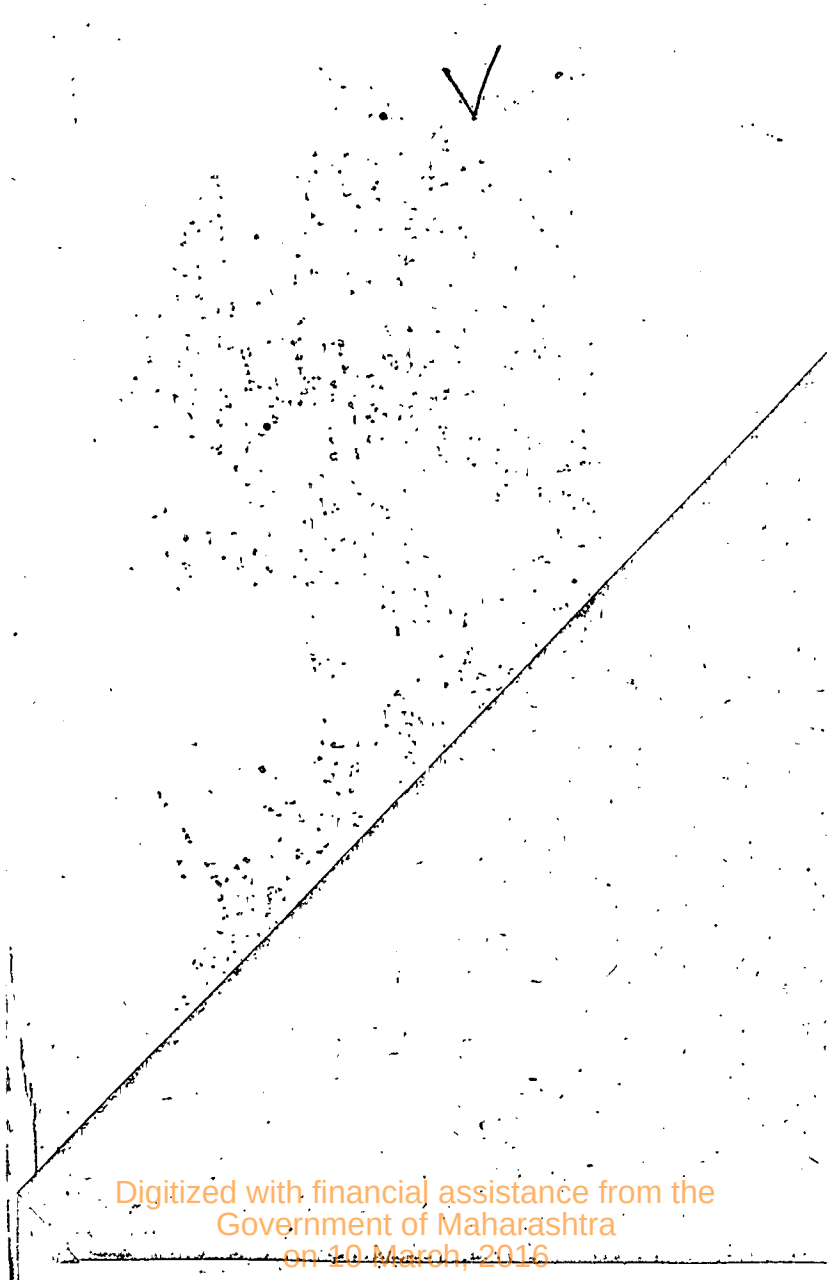

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